



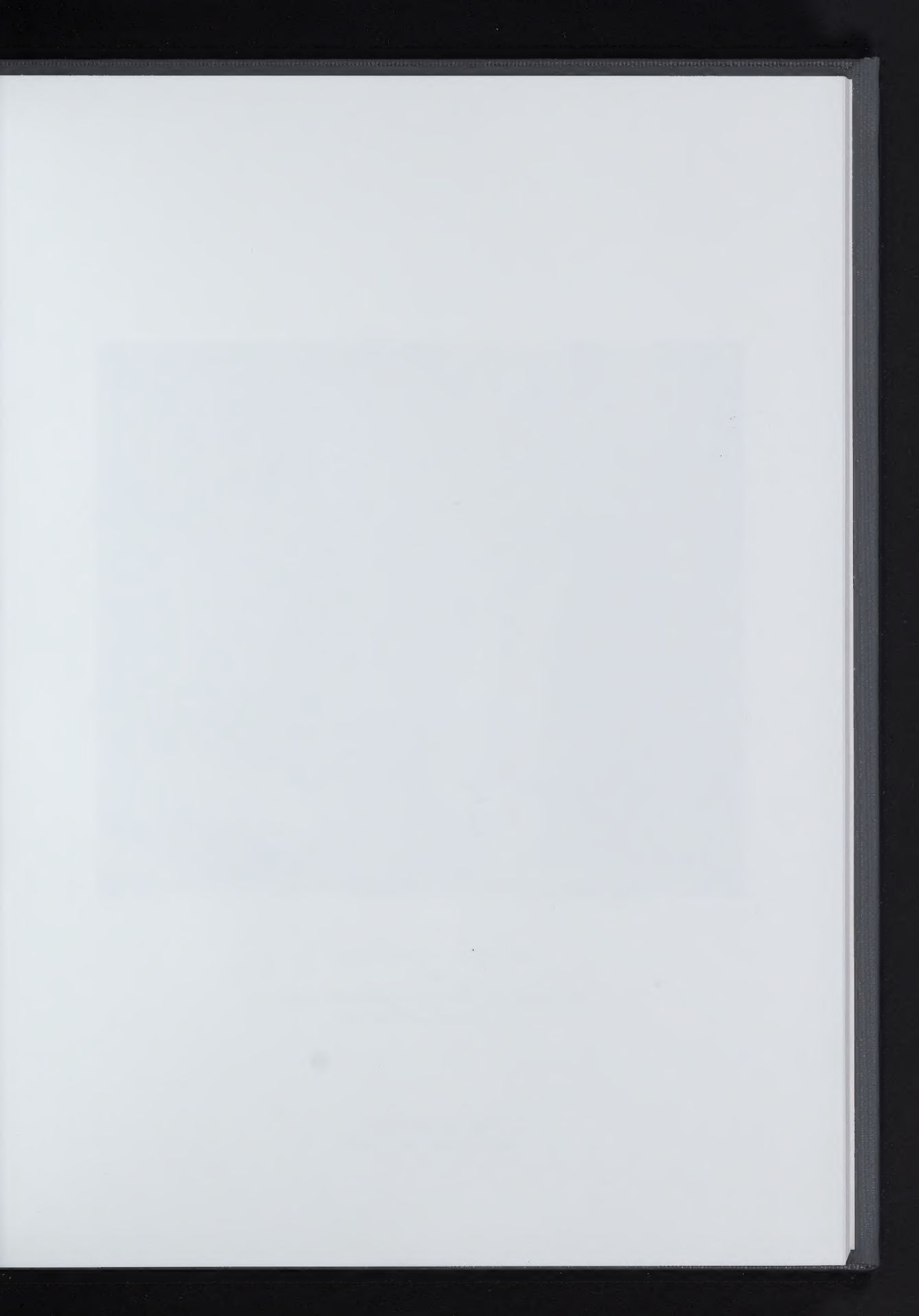
[490050]













**COMPETITION AND COMMUNITY: BUILDING THE ANTIQUITIES
COLLECTION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART**

Dietrich von Bothmer

Interviewed by Richard Cándida Smith and Claire L. Lyons

Art History Oral Documentation Project

**Compiled under the auspices
of the
Getty Research Institute for the History of
Art and the Humanities**

**Copyright © 1997
The J. Paul Getty Trust**



Copyright © 1997
The J. Paul Getty Trust
Geniv Research Institute for the Library
of the
Copyright © 1997

Copyright © 1997
The J. Paul Getty Trust

COPYRIGHT LAW

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specified conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research. If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement. This institution reserves the right to refuse to accept a copying order if, in its judgment, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of copyright law.

RESTRICTIONS ON THIS INTERVIEW

This interview is sealed and will not be available for public access until ten years after the death of the interviewee, Dietrich von Bothmer.

LITERARY RIGHTS AND QUOTATION

After the restrictions on this interview have been lifted, it will be made available for research purposes only. All literary rights in the manuscript, including the right to publication, are reserved to the Getty Research Institute for the History of Art and the Humanities. No part of the manuscript may be quoted for publication without the written permission of the Assistant Director for Resource Collections of the Getty Research Institute for the History of Art and the Humanities.

* * *

Frontispiece: Dietrich von Bothmer, 1990. Photograph by Martine Denoyelle, courtesy of Dietrich von Bothmer.



CONTENTS

Curriculum Vitae	viii
------------------------	------

SESSION ONE: 28 MARCH, 1995 (110 minutes)

TAPE I, SIDE ONE	1
------------------------	---

Circumstances surrounding birth in Eisenach at end of World War I —
 Family background — Father's career as military officer and his
 postwar occupations — Childhood in Berlin — Father's death when
 Dietrich von Bothmer was three years old — Poverty during the 1920s
 — Von Bothmer sent to Norway as part of relief effort — Schooling
 in the *humanistisches Gymnasium* — Opening of the Pergamon
 Museum in 1930 and von Bothmer's decision to become a classical
 archaeologist — Trips to Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Albania —
 Response to Nazism — Realization of the inevitability of war —
 Refusal to join Nazi organizations — Studies in Latin, Greek, and
 Hebrew — Family joins anti-Nazi Protestant church — Decision to
 leave Germany as soon as possible — Wins Rhodes Scholarship to
 study at Oxford — Teachers at Oxford: John Davidson Beazley, Paul
 Jacobsthal, Eduard Franke, Marcus Lieber Tod, and Maurice Bowra
 — Differences in German and British training — Daily lunchtime
 walks with Beazley — Bernard Bothmer's exit from Germany —
 Dietrich travels to the United States to study Greek vases — Visiting
 university and museum collections on the east coast.

TAPE I, SIDE TWO	21
------------------------	----

Correspondence with Beazley — Outbreak of war — Efforts to obtain
 scholarships — A grant is secured with help from Edith Dohan and
 Frank Aydelotte — Admission to the classics program at UC Berkeley
 — First meeting with H. R. W. Smith — Von Bothmer receives Alfred
 B. Jordan Fellowship — Obtaining a student visa — Threats from
 Consul General Fritz Wiedemann — War service in the Pacific —
 Teaching in the army — Receives Ph.D. from Berkeley in June 1944
 — One semester at Duke University — Classes and professors at
 Duke — Coursework at Berkeley — H. R. W. Smith's teaching style



— His suggestion to write a dissertation on Amazons in Greek art — Determining chronology by counting ivy leaves — Restrictions on von Bothmer's movement as an enemy alien — Year of study at the University of Chicago — Writing a paper on the three graces for Edgar Wind — Henri Frankfort and Ulrich Middeldorf — Introduction to G.M.A. Richter through brother Bernard — George Hanfmann — First meeting with a collector in America: Vladimir Simkhovitch — Von Bothmer is hired as assistant curator of antiquities at the Metropolitan — More on Hanfmann — Introduction to Walter Baker and his collection — Lessons on how to deal with a fake in the presence of the collector — Upon his return from war von Bothmer is told he no longer has a teaching position at Berkeley.

TAPE II, SIDE ONE 41

Anger at UC Berkeley's policy toward veterans — Teaching a seminar at Bryn Mawr for one afternoon — Attempts to find work prior to offer from the Metropolitan.

SESSION TWO: 29 MARCH, 1995 (220 minutes)

TAPE III, SIDE ONE 44

Albert Gallatin and his collection of Greek vases — Gallatin offers his collection to the Met at well below cost — Source of Gallatin's interest in antiquities — His capabilities as a scholar — Well-known dealers in New York: Dikran Kelekian, Hagop Kevorkian, Joseph Brummer, and Jacob Hirsch — Hirsch's career in Paris and Switzerland — Richter's association with Hirsch and Brummer — Her role in the Met's purchase of the kouros — Brummer's background and his work experience with Rodin — His introduction to antiquities via an Attic grave relief — Training his brother Ernest — Effects of financial speculation and World War I on antiquities trade — Joseph Brummer's association with Robert Woods Bliss — Split between Ernest and Joseph Brummer — Brummer's New York studios — Sale of the Brummer estate in 1949 — Richter as chief curator of antiquities — Her efforts to help other women in her field — Christine Alexander — Few antiquities purchases realized from Brummer pre-sale — Dorothy Kent Hill's collecting techniques — Joaquín Gumá

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
VOLUME
LXXV
PART I
1905

CONTENTS

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
VOLUME
LXXV
PART I
1905

Herrera, conde de Lagunillas, asks for help with his collection.

TAPE III, SIDE TWO 62

Gumá's interest in bringing ancient art to Cuba — His collection exhibited in the Palacio de Bellas Artes in Havana — Von Bothmer's lecture in Havana in 1956 — Gumá's life after the Cuban revolution — Fate of his collection — Met acquired a few pieces from Gumá — Maria Castro's dissertation on the collection — Publication of collection taken over by Adrienne Lezzi-Hafter and Ricardo Olmos — The magnanimity of nineteenth-century values — Christos Bastis, a Greek-American collector — Greek dealers in Paris: Segredakis and Nicolas Koutoulakis — Quality of Bastis's vases — Christine Alexander's rejection of the first loan from Bastis — Leon Levy's interest in Roman portraits — More on Walter Baker and his wife, May Case.

TAPE IV, SIDE ONE 81

Death of Baker's first wife — Christine Alexander and Agnes Mongan help Baker to expand his collection — Von Bothmer's relationship with Francis Henry Taylor, the director of the Met — Baker's second wife, Lois, preferred drawings over antiquities — Baker donates his Greek collection to the Met — Thomas Hoving's treatment of Baker — The Baker bequest — Importance of cultivating collectors — Dangers in trying to make a scholar out of a collector — Joseph V. Noble's start in collecting — His purchase of a vase by the Maplewood Painter — Lucien Morley and Herbert Cahn — Morley refers Noble to von Bothmer — Helping Noble to develop his collection — Comparing knowledge and tastes of collectors — Von Bothmer introduces Noble to then director of the Met James Rorimer — Noble's technical know-how lands him a position at the Met — Noble's book on technique in Greek pottery — His obsession with forgeries — Richter's reaction to exposure of forgeries in the Met's collection — Hoving's seminar on fakes — Disposition of Noble's collection — Walter Bareiss's collection of ancient vases and modern drawings.



TAPE IV, SIDE TWO 98

Jiří Frel and J. Paul Getty — Getty purchase of Bareiss's collection — Observations on the growth of the Getty collections — Bareiss's eye for quality pieces — Von Bothmer's present relationship with the Met — Leon Levy and Shelby White — Cataloging their collection — Maxwell Anderson recommended to do Roman entries — Bernard Bothmer tells his brother about Lawrence Fleischman's Greek vases — Norbert Schimmel and Leon Pomerance — Schimmel's commitment to bringing classical art to Israel — Alistair Bradley Martin — Need for museums to "collect" collectors — Herbert and Nelson Bunker Hunt — Development of the market during von Bothmer's career — Gentlemen dealers have been replaced by sharks — Increases in dealers' costs — Effects of restrictions on the export of art.

TAPE V, SIDE ONE 117

Reputable dealers now a rarity — Bruce McNall — State of collecting in England and France — J.P. Morgan's method of collecting — Comments on Hirsch's loyalty to his friends in his business dealings — Von Bothmer's businesslike approach to dealers — Comments on Greek collectors: Eleni Stathatou, Stavros Niarchos, George Embirikos, the Goulandris family and others — Goulandris Museum in Athens — Von Bothmer advises Dolly Goulandris on how to start a collection — Her interest in Cycladic objects — Observations on the question of learning from fakes — Von Bothmer's own study collection — His interest in fragments — Teaching at the Institute of Fine Arts led him to form his own collection for use in seminars — Emphasis on South Italian objects — Comments on his gifts to other collectors — More on the value of fragments.

Index 135

Richard Cándida Smith, Assistant Professor of History at the University of Michigan, and Dr. Claire L. Lyons, Curator in Collection Development and Curatorial Projects at the Getty Research Institute for the History of Art and the Humanities interviewed Dietrich von Bothmer in his office at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A total of 5.5 hours were recorded. The transcript was edited by Katherine P. Smith.

THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
FROM
1624
TO
1898
BY
JOHN
B. HOGAN
AND
JOHN
W. HOGAN
NEW
YORK
1898

CURRICULUM VITAE

Dietrich Felix von Bothmer

Born October 26, 1918, Eisenach, Germany. Married, two children.

Education:

Friedrich Wilhelms Universität, Berlin, 1937–38

Wadham College, Oxford University, 1938–39; diploma in classical archaeology,

University of California, Berkeley, Ph.D. in Classical Archaeology, 1944

Professional Career:

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Department of Greek and Roman Art

Assistant Curator, 1946–51

Associate Curator, 1951–59

Curator, 1959–73

Chairman, 1973–90

Distinguished Research Curator, 1990–

Institute of Fine Arts, New York University

Adjunct Professor, 1965–

American Journal of Archaeology

Book Review Editor, 1950–57

Associate Editor, 1970–76

Fellowships, Memberships, and Honors:

AUS, 1943–45; Decorated Bronze Star and Purple Heart

Rhodes Scholar, Wadham College, 1938

International House fellow, University of California, Berkeley, 1940

Alfred B. Jordan fellow, 1940–41

Martin Ryerson fellow, University of Chicago, 1942–43

Guggenheim Mem. Foundation fellow, 1967

Honorary fellow, Wadham College

Member: Chancellor's Ct. of Benefactors, Oxford University; Archaeological Institute of America, Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies; Deutsches Archaeol. Inst.; Archaeologische Gesellschaft zu Berlin; Institut de France, Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres (corr.)

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
VOLUME
LXXV
PART I
1905
LONDON
PUBLISHED BY THE
INSTITUTE
11, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1

Publications (Partial):

Greek, Etruscan, and Roman Antiquities: An Exhibition from the Collection of Walter Cummings Baker. New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1950.

Amazons in Greek Art. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1957.

Ancient Art from New York Private Collections. New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1961.

(with J. V. Noble) "An Inquiry into the Forgery of the Etruscan Terracotta Warriors in the Metropolitan Museum of Art," *The Metropolitan Museum of Art Papers*, No. 11 (1961).

Corpus Vasorum Antiquorum, USA, Fasc. 12, 1963.

Attic Black-figured Amphorae. New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1963.

Greek Vase Painting, An Introduction. New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1972. 2d ed., 1974; 3d ed., 1987.

Corpus Vasorum Antiquorum, USA, Fasc. 16, 1976.

The Amasis Painter and His World: Vase Painting in Sixth-Century BC Athens. Malibu, Calif.: J. Paul Getty Museum; New York: Thames and Hudson, 1985.

Glories of the Past: Ancient Art from the Shelby White and Leon Levy Collection. New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art. Distr. H. N. Abrams, 1990.

Euphronios, peintre à Athènes au VI^e siècle avant Jesus Christ. 1990.



SESSION ONE: 28 MARCH, 1995

[Tape I, Side One]

SMITH: Could you say a few words?

VON BOTHMER: Gladly. I was born on October 26, 1918, a Saturday, two weeks before the end of the war. When I was born, my mother [Marie], who had a hard time giving birth because of the poor nutrition in Germany at that time—and I was two weeks late arriving—expected that people would be nice to her, but all people could say was "Ein Unglück kommt selten allein," which translated means, "One mishap seldom arrives all by itself." This was because on the same day I was born, [Erich] Ludendorff resigned from the high command, donned blue glasses and fled to Sweden, knowing that the war was practically finished. My father [Willy] had been informed of my birth, and he was trying to get back from the western front. In the mean time the revolution broke out—on the ninth of November. On the train back, the *soldatesca* who had mutinied ripped off all his epaulets and his decorations and his rank; it was a pretty sad homecoming for most people.

I was born in Eisenach, in the shadow of the Wartburg, the famous castle where Martin Luther was in protective custody after he had been banned at the Diet of Worms and declared *Vogelfrei*; that meant free to be killed by anybody who cared to. The *Landgraf* at that time took him in, and he spent his protective custody in the Wartburg translating the bible from Hebrew and Greek into the vernacular. That's not



why I am a Protestant—my family was Protestant—but the Wartburg loomed very large in my childhood. It had been restored in the nineteenth century, when these earlier castles had become a tourist attraction, so the Wartburg was much visited.

When I was baptized, on November 17, I had no fewer than fourteen godparents. The reason for that was very simple: the times were so uncertain that nobody knew how many [family members] would live long enough to see me through the rite of confirmation. My father was demobilized from the army and had to look for a job. He became a house master in a "prep school," as we would call it, in Herchen. The only one of my siblings who was allowed to accompany him, other than my mother, was my oldest brother [Bernard], who died in 1993, the day before Thanksgiving. [So] the family was split up. Fortunately my grandparents, the parents of my mother, were living in Eisenach and I spent the first couple of years of my life there.

My father finally found a job in Berlin, my mother in the meantime having another child, her fifth. He became, as so many retired people from the army, an investigator for an insurance company. It was very complicated moving to Berlin because there were no apartments available; it was a very complex five-way swap. Somebody had an apartment in Kassel which he would trade for an apartment in Breslau. It was like playing solitaire; you had to make the right combination. The apartment was ready for us on February 1, 1922, and the family moved from Eisenach



to Berlin. My father died twelve days later.

I was not quite three and a half at that time, and yet I have a vivid impression of my father, if only for the simple reason that he, working in an office and coming home after work, wanted to see his second son, namely, me. We had a nanny who obviously, as all nannies, was very dictatorial. She said to him, "Oh, you can't [see him] now because he's having his bath." My father for once pulled rank, as it were, and insisted, and because of that fuss in the new apartment in Berlin, I remember that day as if it had happened yesterday. I had already been in the bath, but I wasn't fully dried yet, I was wrapped in a big towel and brought into the living room, and I sat on the lap of my father. Then a few days later he died.

So my mother was stuck in Berlin with five children, as a widow, and we had a very hard time. But my father had insisted on his deathbed that my mother promise she would give the boys, that is to say, my older brother Bernard and me, an education in a *humanistisches Gymnasium*; that meant Latin at the age of ten, the first modern foreign language at the age of twelve, and Greek at the age of thirteen. And she kept that promise. In the meantime, this kind of school, the *humanistisches Gymnasium*, was being abolished left and right. It would have been easier for my mother, as a widow, to move to a smaller city where the rents were lower, or where living was easier in general, and where she could walk instead of taking the subway, but you could not find so many *humanistische Gymnasien*

anymore in those years.

Then of course came the inflation, which wiped out everybody's savings, and concomitant with the inflation you still had an incredible amount of starvation going on. In February of 1924 I passed an examination—a competition, as it were, like the Oscar awards—of malnourished children. I won hands down. My older sister and I were presented as candidates to be adopted temporarily by foster parents in Norway, because Norway was a country that had not suffered during the war; on the contrary, they had made a lot of money selling their timber to both sides, the Germans and the Allies. Timber was needed to construct the trenches, and, you know, the amount of timber used in World War I was quite excessive considering that the trenches were destroyed every time a few yards were gained. It didn't really matter much for the Norwegians, because they were supplying both sides.

I had the most wonderful Norwegian foster parents, who at the time they had applied had no children. They very much wanted to look after a little boy. Of course it worked like a charm, because Tante Mimi, as I called her, was already pregnant by the time all the paper work was done and I got to Norway. They lived outside Oslo, which was then called Christiania, named after a king of Denmark. Norway and Denmark were united in a personal union ever since the death, in the fifteenth century, of Queen Margrete, who had ruled both Denmark and Norway. Later they became very patriotic and changed the name from Christiania to Oslo, which was the original



Norwegian name. I had a marvelous time in Norway. I ate food I had never eaten before. There are some letters I wrote to my family, which I dictated, because I couldn't read and write at that time; and in one, for instance, I described that I had some marvelous fruit; it was peaches, and I had never seen peaches before. And bananas and oranges were also unknown in Germany at that time.

Well, after nine months, in September of that year, I was ready to go back, and in the meantime the baby had been born and I was no longer needed. I arrived home on a Sunday, and that's another day I remember fully, because we children were sent by chartered train, and we had a big identification tag under celluloid, because plastic was not yet known. Celluloid is slightly yellowish and it breaks very easily. I remember all sorts of little things from that period. My mother had gotten the wrong time of arrival of the special train from Christiania, and I was the only child left in Berlin that hadn't been picked up. When she arrived and looked for me at the station, tears pouring down, one kind official of the railways said, "Are you looking for a boy by any chance?" She said yes and he said, "He's fast asleep and as grimy as can be on a bench in the stationmaster's office." I was treated to a cab ride, which was very unusual, and those were horse-drawn cabs.

The only bad thing was that I had totally forgotten my German. I spoke nothing but Norwegian, and when I arrived at the luncheon table that Sunday in September, there sat my younger sister, my two older sisters, and my older brother,



and they just thought I was something from outer space—an alien, as it were. I in turn got very irritated because nobody understood what I said. Then there was a minor miracle: after two weeks of having to remain silent because I couldn't talk Norwegian to anybody, my German all came back. So much for my early childhood.

I did all my schooling in Berlin. I [remember] another fateful day, and that was the first Saturday in October 1930. I was not yet twelve years old, and the Pergamon Museum had been reopened after a long interval. It had opened in 1913 but the inside hadn't been completely finished, and then of course during the war nobody could finish the installation of the museum, so it took from 1914 until 1930 for everything to be in apple-pie order. The museum made such an impression on me that in the evening when I came home I exclaimed to my mother at the dinner table, "Now I know what I want to do in life. I want to work in a museum of classical antiquities." And my mother, ever the proper educator, said, "Well, in that case you have to get good grades in Latin, and next year, when you have Greek, you must get equally good grades in Greek."

My first travel, other than visiting relatives over the different holidays, was a school trip to Italy in 1934. For that I had to earn my own money, so I tutored boys in my school to have enough money to participate in this trip. My mother, with five children, rightly said, "I can't show any favorites." The following year I did the same thing and went to Greece, so before I finished my *Abitur*, which is the final exam at



the end of the *Gymnasium*, I had been not only to Italy, all the way down to Capri, but also to Greece. It was typical in those days before air travel to take the train to Venice. From Venice we got a boat that took us to Sušak, the port of Yugoslavia, which is near the town of Fiume. [Gabriele] D'Annunzio became famous because he took Fiume in the early years of Mussolini. We went on a Yugoslav freighter that stopped in every single port, and that was a marvelous trip, because I got to know the entire coast of Yugoslavia. We even stopped in Albania. When I told our Albanian doorman in New York that I had been to his country before the war, he couldn't quite believe it.

We only had two weeks in Greece, because the freighter took a long time, obviously. We didn't go to Olympia, but we went to Crete, because those were the days when the Minoan civilization suddenly became so stunningly interesting and so important in the minds of those who had only a smattering of archaeology. I was interested in art and in objects, and the majority of people treated archaeology the way one treats a treasure hunt—you go for sites and places where a treasure was found. That was the fascination of [Heinrich] Schliemann's gold, and to this day it haunts us, now that the Russians are almost ready to cough it up again.

Certain things began to happen in Germany, which everybody who studies modern history is fully aware of. I will say right at the outset that I got alerted to the menace of Hitler in September of 1930. On September 14, 1930, in the Reichstag



elections, the Nazi party jumped all the way from twenty-third place to second place. That should have alerted the Allies, but it didn't. In the following year, 1931, after the famous economic crisis had spread all over Europe, poor Austria, which had become totally truncated at the end of World War I, having lost just about everything that made Austria a viable country, wanted to have a customs union with Germany. That came before the Hague Court of International Arbitration and was vetoed by the Allies, I mean the French and the British and the Italians, as being in violation of the peace treaty. They would gladly have given many customs unions to Germany and Austria in lieu of having Austria incorporated into Germany a few years later. At that time, being very politically alert, that gave me a horrible taste of things to come, because I could see that they were clinging to paragraph after paragraph of the different peace treaties, which had become outmoded the moment the market crashed.

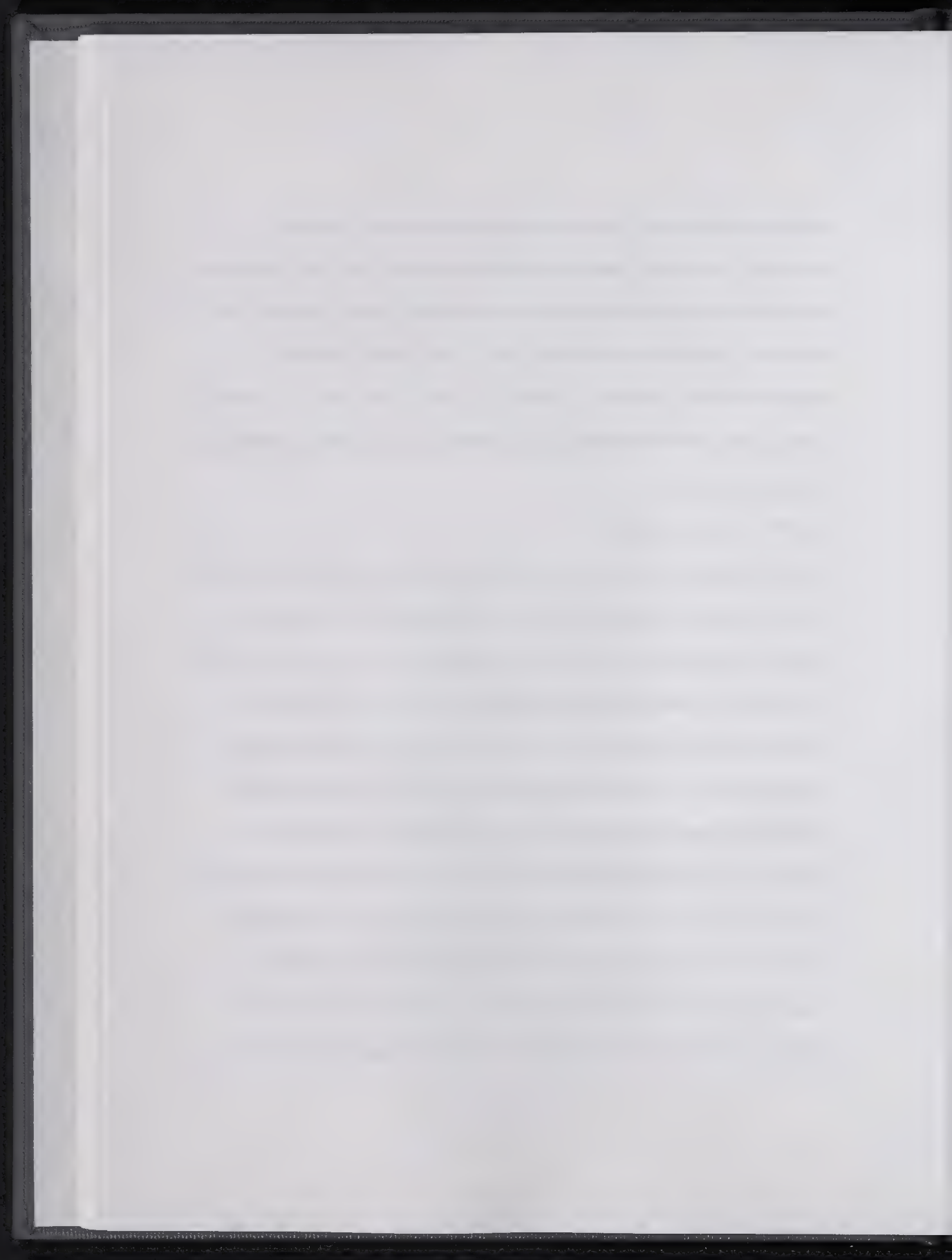
The opposition to Hitler was not yet that open because he was not yet in power, but I was very much aware of what he represented. There is nobody who can tell me today that after Hitler came to power you had to join a Nazi organization, because I for one did not. And the Hitler youth, to which just about everybody belonged, I did not join. On national holidays, like the first of May, which Hitler had used as a convenient holiday since it was already the socialist holiday in the rest of Europe, of course I didn't get a free day. I had to sit in the auditorium with the non-Aryans and Jews, who obviously were not marching in the demonstration, and listen

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
VOLUME
LXXV
PART I
1905
PUBLISHED BY THE
INSTITUTE
21, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1
PRINTED BY
HARRISON AND SONS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

to the speeches by radio. You know what we did at that time? We did our homework. Very simple. There was very little supervision. I also want you to know that at the age of sixteen, when I had a choice of another language in school, I opted for Hebrew. I had three years of Hebrew, and I won't bore you with what I remember, because it isn't that much anyway. So that too was a little way of showing that I was doing the full *humanistisches Gymnasium*, with all the things it offered, and Hebrew was part of it.

LYONS: Weren't you scared?

VON BOTHMER: Well, of course it was risky, but it's a very funny thing; when you are very young, you are taught not to cross the street against the traffic sign, but in almost every other aspect you feel that your opinion, your spirit, your mood, are your own. Instead of rebelling against paternal authority, as they do now constantly, I concentrated all my opposition on the regime. In 1934 I was to be confirmed in the Lutheran church. By that time the Lutheran church had split completely because Hitler had appointed a Lutheran or Protestant *Reichsbischof*. Before that, the Protestant church didn't have archbishops, they only had bishops and superintendents. The *Reichsbischof* was a Nazi and he was supposed to change the entire aspect of Christianity, so the church was split, and [Dietrich] Bonhoeffer and [Martin] Niemöller established a splinter group, which was called Confessional Church, to which my mother belonged. The minister who had to confirm me was beaten up by



the storm troopers as a result of his belonging to that wing of the Protestant church. That happened in the spring of 1934.

So you can imagine; that was the time when not only Britain slept, but America certainly had other problems [and didn't want to] take sides in what happened in central Europe. But this totally determined the outcome of my life. Realizing that there was no chance of the so-called Western powers stopping Hitler in his tracks, and not wishing to become totally compromised by being in Germany if and when he was ready to make war on the different neighbors and regain what he called the "lost territories" in Poland and in France, there was only one thing left for me to do, and that was to leave the country.

There I was extremely lucky, because I had heard of that marvelous institution, the Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford. There were two given every year to Germany after 1929. There had been five before the First World War, but during that war the testament of Cecil Rhodes was changed by an act of Parliament to exclude Germans, which of course defeated his original purpose. Rhodes believed that if the Americans and the British and the Germans could live peacefully together and get to know each other, there would be no war. But the Germans were reintroduced in 1929, and that was my great chance, so I applied. Now comes a funny coincidence. My life is full of coincidences. I was born, as I told you, the day Ludendorff left the country and fled to Sweden. On the day I got my Rhodes scholarship there were



extra editions of the newspaper: "Extra, Extra—Ludendorff has died!" What do you make of it? I don't believe in astrology, but those are certainly convenient pegs in my own memory.

I was not yet of military age, which was a blessing, because I left with my valid German passport, and I didn't need any military approval to leave the country. I left the day after the Munich agreement had been signed—another shameful thing—on October 2, 1938. I got free passage on a German boat to Southampton and the rest of the ticket was paid for ahead of time. Imagine, one could only take ten marks out of the country. I had the most moving experience when I got to Hamburg. I was told by the customs man at the HAPAG [Hamburg-American] Line, "Sir, if you have any trunks or things like that, give them to me now"—I had to spend the night in Hamburg before I took the boat train to get on the boat in Cuxhaven—"because that way they are safely on the boat and you don't get searched in the boat train tomorrow."

When I got on that boat train I was in a compartment with Romanian refugees; they were Jewish and were escaping the Iron Guard from Romania—mind you, that was 1938. The customs man came, and it was the same one I had seen the day before. I showed him my passport, he saw my name, and he said, "Are you by any chance related to Count Felix von Bothmer?" I said, "Yes, he was my godfather." He said, "I had the honor of serving under your godfather in the war." And then he

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

1962

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

RESEARCH REPORT

NO. 1000

BY

ROBERT M. HARRIS

AND

JOHN D. HARRIS

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1962

RESEARCH REPORT

NO. 1000

BY

ROBERT M. HARRIS

AND

JOHN D. HARRIS

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1962

took a deep breath, and he said, "Armes Deutschland, wenn Menschen ihrer Art das Land verlassen müssen." To this day I remember that. He closed the door and behind him were the police, the Gestapo, you know. And he simply said—I'll never forget it—"Alles schon abgefertig⁺." The Romanians looked at me and said, "We don't speak German, what happened?" They were shaking. And I said, "Oh, he was just one of the many decent Germans that still happen to occupy an honest profession, like being a customs officer."

So I got on the boat, I got to England, and I had only three terms at Oxford—my diploma hangs over there. I studied under [John Davidson] Beazley, I studied under Paul Jacobsthal, who himself was a refugee; he had been a professor in Marburg. I studied under [Eduard] Fraenkel, who had also been a professor in Germany. He had actually gone to England before Jacobsthal and became a British subject before the war broke out. Then I had Marcus Niebuhr Tod for epigraphy, and then, of course, I had [Maurice] Bowra.

Bowra was the warden of Wadham College, and he was quite a figure; in fact, he knew my family. When I needed for the Rhodes scholarship three recommendations that were social and three recommendations that were academic, I used Bowra as a social reference on purpose. For my academic recommendations I used my anti-Nazi teachers in the *Gymnasium*. It was easy to find three who would write me glowing accounts. Bowra wrote the shortest letter of recommendation that



I've ever seen. It said, "To whom it may concern: I understand that Dietrich Felix von Bothmer has applied for a Rhodes Scholarship. He is the very man Cecil Rhodes would have wanted. Signed, Cecil Maurice Bowra, F.B.A. (Fellow of the British Academy)." Of course I cannot claim that I got it because they were so overly impressed by that, but it did help. There must have been over a hundred applicants and we were reduced to a short list of ten. We met in the ministry of finance because the minister of finance at that time was Schwerin von Krosigk, who later was sentenced in Nuremberg to fifteen years of jail since he had confiscated all the property of the Jews. He had been a Rhodes scholar himself at one time. That's the only time I have been in any German ministry, whether pre-Hitler, Hitler, or Bundesstaat.

I passed the exam in classical archaeology, not with distinction—I emphasize that—but I satisfied the examiners. I simply was a little too young to pass it [with distinction] at that time. In my interview with Beazley I was very timid. Now I don't look timid at all, but in those days I was scared by the formality and the different language and the different customs and I didn't know my way around. I remember Tandy, the man who ran the slides at the Ashmolean. He was a sort of general handyman. I told him that I had an appointment with Professor Beazley and he said, "You wait here. He's in the library and I will explain to him that you are here."

I had no idea what Beazley looked like. After I had been waiting for five



minutes a gentleman came out, and I introduced myself. I said, "I'm Dietrich von Bothmer. I'm a student here at Oxford, and I'd very much like to take some of your courses." He said, "Come to my office." He turned out to be K. T. Parker, the keeper of drawings at the Ashmolean. For ten minutes he engaged me in looking at Raphael drawings and Michelangelo drawings, and he wanted me to tell the difference between the two, which was relatively easy for me because I had been to Italy. Then I asked him quite timidly, "But tell me sir, are you also teaching Greek archaeology?" At which point he burst out laughing, and said, "Oh, you must mean Jack Beazley. I'll take you down myself." I went back from his office to the library in the Ashmolean, and there was Beazley, writing, writing, writing. He was already then a little deaf.

Beazley asked me what I proposed to do at Oxford, and I said, "Well, in *Attische Vasenmaler [des rotfigurien Stills]*"—which was the standard book on Attic vase painting, published in 1925, in Germany—"you speak of the *Antiphongruppe*." [formerly called the Lysis-Laches-Lykos-Gruppe] "In preparing for Oxford, I have looked at some of the vases and illustrations of them, and I think it may be possible to break up that group and to differentiate between them." Beazley looked at me, and said, "How old are you?" And I said, "Nineteen, going on twenty." He said, "Well, I'm afraid you will find instruction at Oxford very elementary." But that was a marvelous lesson. Of course I was never uppity again. I felt that in order to get good



instruction, I had to come up with a valid project. That was a real mistake, because there was no rule about it at Oxford. This was part of my German training. You see, there was no difference between undergraduates and graduates. Once you were admitted to the university you worked straight towards your Ph.D. You didn't leave the university at the B.A. level.

Beazley and I became very good friends. I was at Wadham and I had to leave the Ashmolean at one o'clock. Every day during term Beazley would ask me, "Are you by any chance going back to Wadham?" And I said, "Yes, Professor Beazley"—he was not yet knighted. We walked together all the way to the King's Arms, and then usually instead of going left to Wadham I accompanied him all the way to 100 Holywell and raced back to have my quick lunch before I had to go down to the river, because I was rowing at that time at Oxford.

SMITH: What about art history? Were you getting any art history education?

VON BOTHMER: I'm coming to that. You have to give me a chance to get out of Germany. Now, it may sound easy, the way I tell it, including the customs control, but it was tough, and I left my family behind, you realize.

LYONS: Your brother was still there.

VON BOTHMER: My brother lost his job in the Berlin Museum in October 1938. When his contract came up for renewal and he had not joined any of the Nazi organizations, he was cut off. Then he earned his keep doing bibliographies for a

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

publisher in Germany who was on our side, by which I mean he understood the reasons why my brother was no longer in the museum. He took a last fling in Europe because he was supposed to go to East Africa to take over the management of a plantation in one of the former German colonies, but then the war broke out. He drove the touring car of Count Seilern, the father of the Antoine Seilern who owned the Getty vase, the Caeretan hydria. Seilern had an Argentinean passport and a French driver. He was on the Côte d'Azur and he met my brother, who volunteered to drive him and his family and their dogs, and all the luggage in this old-fashioned touring car. They don't exist any longer; you put the bags on top. My brother found the one path separating Switzerland from France that was still open, because France was mobilizing, and he got in safely. Then I got him from Switzerland to America.

SMITH: How did you get to America?

VON BOTHMER: I'm coming to that. These are little asides so that you get the background. I wasn't the only one, I stress that point, who behaved in what is now considered an exceptionally correct manner.

SMITH: Your mother and your sister stayed in Germany.

VON BOTHMER: My mother and my two sisters stayed in Germany. One sister had already died, but that's another story. Now, I'm ready to go on with Oxford. Now comes that wonderful thing, the long vacation. I got £100 from C. K. Allen, who was the warden of Rhodes House, whom I only saw three times for the entire



time, which resulted in a bad grade in the social report which he had to submit on me to the Rhodes people in Germany. He said, "He may be a great scholar, but I don't see much of him." I saw no reason to frequent Rhodes House at Oxford, although it is on property that used to be Wadham at one time. They got out of one financial difficulty by selling the land to Rhodes House—that was Bowra's doing. I had to come to C. K. Allen at the beginning of each term to pick up my check, which was £100 for the term, and then £100 for the long vacation, and £100 in those days was real money. Allen had a little card in front of him, because the appointments were five minutes for each Rhodes scholar, and he said, "Ah, yes, Bothmer. You want to become an archaeologist." And his [comment] was always the same: "Well, you have to be very rich to be an archaeologist. Look at Heinrich Schliemann, look at Sir Arthur Evans." With that he gave me my check of £100, and that was not exactly any way to make me rich, except possibly in learning.

So along comes June of 1939. In the meantime, Hitler had taken the rest of Czechoslovakia, as you know. He had also annexed the Memel Territory, which was the territory of east Prussia that had been given to Lithuania after the war, and Mussolini had invaded Albania, which I had seen just a few years earlier. It did look like war to me, because the British at that point had finally seen the light. Landing at Croydon Airport, Chamberlain proclaimed peace in our time, waving that piece of paper and quoting Shakespeare: "Out of this [nettle], danger, we pluck this flower,

THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
FROM
1609
TO
1812
BY
JOHN
B. HOGGINS
NEW
YORK
1812

safety." And everybody applauded. He was supposed to be the great man. But there were other people, like Churchill at that time, who were hammering away and saying, "You cannot appease Hitler any more." So finally they started arming.

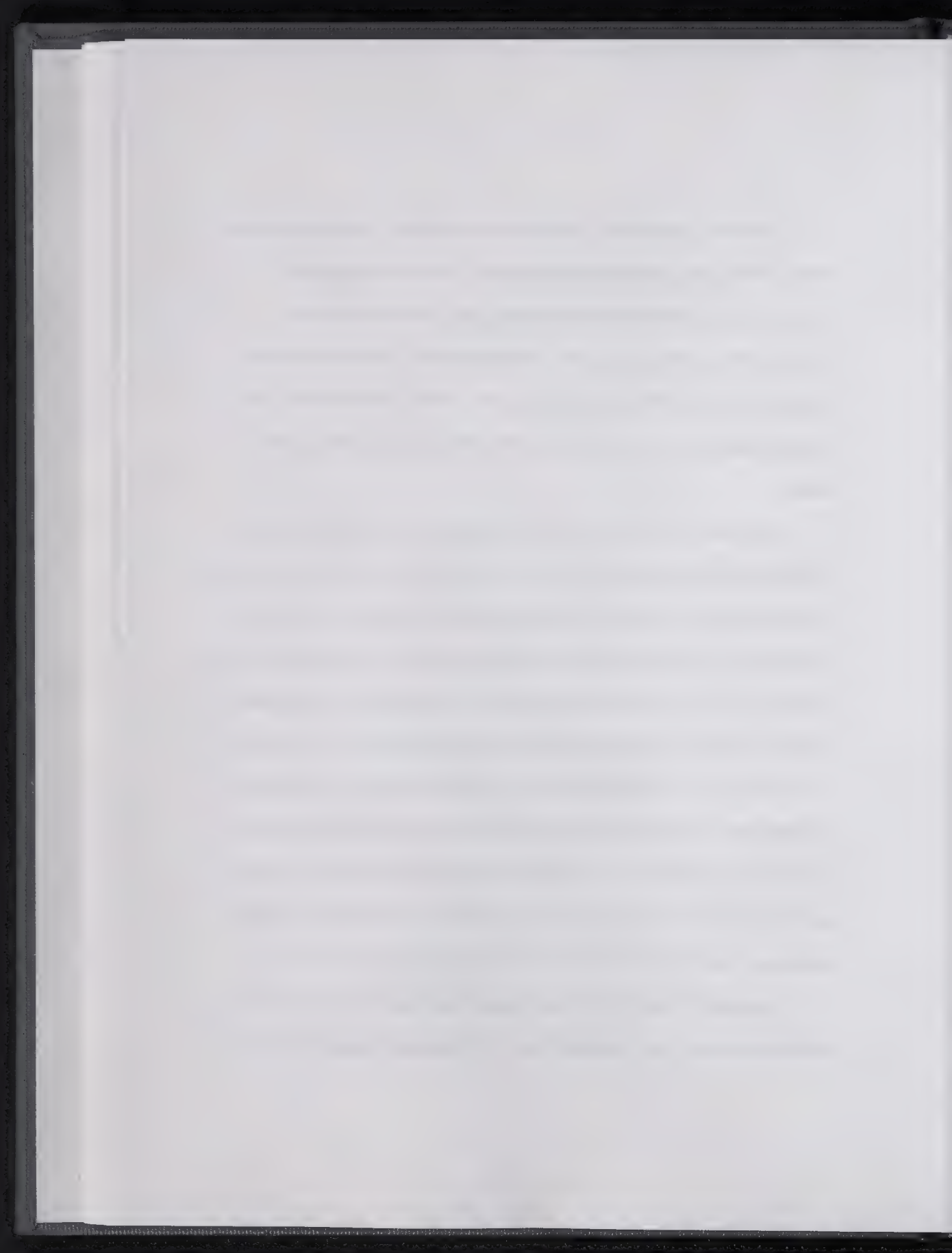
I knew I wouldn't go back to Germany; that was out of the question. I wanted to go to France, where I had never been. I wanted to go to Greece, because my school trip in 1935 I realized was all too fragmented. I then had the bright idea of going to America. Not as a future haven or my future country, but arguing with myself as follows: "It's so far away, and now I have the money." Imagine, for £17 one could buy a round-trip ticket—in steerage of course—on a Cunard boat to go to America. Seventeen pounds. You can barely have lunch in London today for that amount. I said to myself, "If there is war while I am in America, I will be in America, and at least I'll have a breather until America gets into the war." Even that I had foreseen, remembering World War I. America virtually decided the outcome of that war, let's not fool ourselves. I mean, it was the fresh American troops that came en masse, well nourished, with splendid uniforms and with vehicles, and although they may not have had any experience in the trenches, they were all gung ho. It was the American army that appeared in France in full training in the spring of 1918 that tipped the scales at the end of World War I. Then I thought, on the other hand, if there was no war, of course I could go back to England. If there was war I might be interned, but that would be better than being stranded in Europe.



I did have a tight budget. I spent exactly \$2.50 a day. My lodgings were at a YMCA for \$1 a night, and then I ate in drugstores. I used the Greyhound for transportation. I saved another bit of money by putting down Boston as my destination when applying for my ticket, because somebody told me that if you put down Boston, the Cunard line has to give you a free railway ticket from New York harbor to Boston, because in the old days, sailing from Liverpool, they stopped in Boston.

In Boston I was received by Lacey D. Caskey, who couldn't have been nicer. Beazley had written him a letter of introduction. I had three weeks in Boston, staying in Beacon Hill with a landlady who charged me only 50¢ a night, not \$1, because I had a German name and her late mother had always said the Germans should get their Kaiser back. So you see, I was very economical. I was saving New York for the end of the trip. I went by Greyhound bus from Boston to Providence. My notes go back to July 1939; I took notes in all the museums. I went to New Haven, where in those days everything was still on exhibition, and then when the museum closed on Sunday, because it was a university museum, I discovered that the public library was open and that was the first public library that I used. I remember I asked whether I had to pay anything, and they said, "Oh, no sir. You can take any book you want to."

From there I went to Philadelphia, and passing through New York I saw the old Yankee Stadium from a Greyhound bus. In Philadelphia I stopped at the YMCA



and the next day I went to Thirty-third and Spruce of course, and there I met Edith H. Dohan, to whom Jacobsthal had given me a marvelous letter of introduction, but he said, "Bothmer, use it only in case of war," because his letter began, "Dear Edith, now that war has broken out" That was supposed to help me. Edith had just been to Germany because she was working on the warrior tomb, of which part is in Berlin. She said, "Where are you staying?" And I said, "At the YMCA." She said, "Ah, rubbish. At lunch time I'll take you out to Hamanassett." She lived in Hamanassett. Of course I was a little embarrassed, because I only had a few decent shirts, and I had to do a little bit of laundry. So I packed my bag at the YMCA, and for \$1 I bought a brand new white shirt at the five-and-ten, which I wore in Hamanassett.

I went from there to Bryn Mawr, and I was told by Edith Dohan to look up Mary [Hamilton] Swindler. I found my way to her lodgings. She was a very abrupt woman. She opened the door, I introduced myself, and I said, "Mrs. Dohan in Philadelphia told me to look you up." She said, "Did you bring my glasses that I left behind in Philadelphia last week?" I said, "No, Mrs. Dohan didn't mention them." She said, "Well, come in anyway." She thought that I would be at least so foresighted as to ask Mrs. Dohan if there was anything that she wanted me to give to Mary Swindler. But then she became a good friend. You know, that's the nice thing about America; if you are innocent, as I was in those days, and if you're not overly pretentious and if you don't start talking archaeology right away to people who know



better, you are well [received].

[Tape I, Side Two]

VON BOTHMER: I started writing letters to Beazley in the summer of 1939, and now I have all of those letters. That I wrote to him is not so astonishing; what is astonishing is that Beazley kept every one of my letters. They were informative, and I even made a sketch. He had asked me to look at a little detail of the bell-krater in Yale, and I made a sketch, and for that I was quoted by Beazley in his article "Prometheus Fire-lighter" in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, which came out in the Christmas number of 1939.

I was with German refugee friends of mine in North Carolina, and then the war broke out. I have never written so many letters, trying to get a scholarship or some help. I wrote to the Carl Schurz Foundation, I wrote to just about everyone. Now my students go through the same thing, applying for fellowships, and I know what it's like. The reply was always negative. Do you remember George Hanfmann?

LYONS: I never knew him, no.

VON BOTHMER: Hanfmann had been a fellow student of my brother's in Berlin. He was a Lithuanian refugee, and he was half Jewish and half Russian Orthodox. He got his Ph.D. under [Gerhart] Rodenwaldt in 1936 in Berlin. He mentioned my older brother Bernard as having been so helpful to him in his dissertation on Etruscan art,



with connections with the Egyptian. I thought on the strength of that—there I was terribly naive—I could introduce myself to Hanfmann. Hanfmann wrote back and said, "Well, it's too late in the year anyway, but I will see whether on the undergraduate level at Harvard there are some monies that I can advance." With my diploma in classical archaeology I had the equivalent of an M.A. and I wasn't going to be misled into starting all over as an undergraduate.

Then came my great good fortune, and I am always grateful for the good fortune that I have had. Mrs. Dohan, bless her, got in touch with Frank Aydelotte, who was the president of Swarthmore at that time. Aydelotte was head of the American Rhodes scholarships. He wrote to Lord Elton in England and arranged for me to get a small grant of £200 to help me get a footing in America, on condition, mind you, that I sign an affidavit not to take up arms against king and country. And that had to be notarized. That I promptly did; I had no intention of taking up arms against them.

In the meantime, Mrs. Dohan wrote to H. R. W. Smith in Berkeley, at the University of California, who had been a pupil of Beazley's himself. He had gotten his Ph.D. in Princeton and then gotten a job as an instructor in Berkeley and rose in the classics department to full professor. He married a girl from Nova Scotia, who may for all I know still be living, Bonnie Smith. H. R. W. Smith immediately went to Dean [Charles B.] Lipman of the graduate division at Berkeley, and Dean Lipman, on



Christmas eve, 1939, sent me a night letter to my place in North Carolina saying, "Happy to offer you a fellowship at International House in Berkeley for the next semester, beginning on January 18. If you don't have money to pay for your railway ticket, please wire collect and we shall advance funds." Now, if you want to hear from me what really impresses me about American generosity, it is this human level of thinking: maybe the poor fellow can't even buy a ticket to get from the east coast to the west coast.

Of course I took the train. I changed in Lynchburg, and again in Chicago, and while in Chicago I went to the Art Institute. I froze, of course; it was bitterly cold and I had no winter clothing, but never mind, I was going to California. I got on a train called the Pacemaker, not the Peacemaker, the Pacemaker; and it was coach of course. I couldn't wait until we got to Lake Tahoe. Have you ever been on the train from the east to the west in America?

SMITH: No.

VON BOTHMER: Oh, people who fly miss all of that. It was simply extraordinary. Suddenly you see Lake Tahoe, and you have a different sky—everything begins to be different. Then you see your first palm trees. Of course I went straight to International House. I saw H. R. W. Smith that very day—it must have been a Thursday—and he asked me a few questions. In the meantime, unbeknown to me, the article by Beazley in the *AJA* had come out, and H. R. W. Smith in part had gone

to Dean Lipman because he saw me cited in two footnotes as having helped Beazley. Smith had been the only person interested in pottery on the west coast and now he got a pupil of Beazley's, so he was delighted. But that night when he came home and saw his wife, she told me later, she asked him, "What's your new student like?" And he's supposed to have said, "A mere boy, Bonnie. He's a mere boy." Of course I couldn't help being a very young person at that time.

And then I got the famous Alfred B. Jordan Fellowship. I don't know whether that still exists in Berkeley. That was for students from the Republic of Germany, and it had not been given by the university because Germany was no longer a republic, it was a *Führerstaat*. There was money in the Alfred B. Jordan fund, and it was already a little too late for me to apply for the university fellowship, but I got that the following year. So I was working away steadily. I changed my visa from visitor's visa to a student visa, and then came the episode when I had to get my German passport renewed, because if you are here in America on a temporary visa, you must have a passport that is valid beyond your permit to stay. So in February of 1941, I had to go and visit the German consul general in San Francisco, whose name was Captain [Fritz] Wiedemann. He had been Hitler's company commander in World War I, and Hitler, not wishing to have anybody around under whom he had served in the war, sent Wiedemann to San Francisco as consul general. But of course he was a loyal German and he had become very much a Nazi. Do you know San Francisco?

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
VOLUME
LXXV
PART I
1905
LONDON
PUBLISHED BY THE
INSTITUTE
11, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1
1905

SMITH: I grew up there; that's where I'm from.

VON BOTHMER: Well, you know Montgomery Street is where big business buildings are, and in one of these skyscrapers on Montgomery Street was the German consulate general—on the nineteenth floor or something like that. I got there, pressed the button, and when the elevator opened I was on German territory, as it were. The first thing that greeted me was a big picture of Hitler, in color no less, with his pose. There was a German secretary, obviously, and she said, as only Germans can say: "Bitte!" Germans are the only people who can say "please" and have it come out like really bitter lemons. I was crushed. I said in German, "Excuse me, I am here to get my passport renewed." She said, "Achtzig cent, bitte." I reached in my pocket and gave her 80¢. Then, "Platz nehmen, bitte." And I sat down. I waited and she put my passport through a little cubbyhole next door to the office.

There was an interval and she said, "Der Herr Generalkonsul möchte Sie sprechen." I went in, and there was Captain Wiedemann himself, and he immediately began to bark at me and said, "I see from your passport that you landed in America on July 3, 1939, and we are now in February 1941. What kept you so long? Why didn't you come to the consulate before?" Now, I should have told him, but I didn't want to get anybody into trouble, that, quite correctly, I had announced my presence in America to the German consul general in New Orleans when I was staying in Durham, North Carolina, and he had advised me that for the moment nothing was

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. STURGEON, 1727

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. STURGEON, 1727

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. STURGEON, 1727

being done about repatriation. But I didn't have that paper with me anymore; I had torn it up. I didn't want to have anything to do with German consuls general. So I simply answered, "You ask me why I haven't presented myself before. Well, my passport hadn't expired before." That was the wrong answer to give, obviously. Wiedemann said, "Did it never occur to you that it's your patriotic duty to make every effort to rejoin your comrades who are fighting for the survival of their country?" I said, "Excuse me, *Herr Generalkonsul*, but how can I get back to Germany? The British Navy is all over and . . . " He said the equivalent of, you know, "Don't give me any . . ."—*keinen Dreck*. He said, "Every week we have a full complement of young Germans of your age who board a Japanese boat in the harbor of San Francisco, and once they are in Japan they are transported at our expense to Manchuria, and from there they go and join the Trans-Siberian railway, and in two months they are back in the Fatherland, to join the army."

I just marveled at this organization. He said, "Well, may I enroll you for the next convoy?" I said, "Ah, I have my doctor's orals coming. I couldn't possibly do that." He said, "In other words, do I interpret you correctly in refusing to accept my offer of being repatriated?" I said, "If you put it that way, I have to say yes." And he said, "You have family in Germany, don't you?" I said yes. "You know, I have to send a report to the Wilhelmstrasse"—that was the Quai d'Orsay of the government quarter in Berlin. Then he said, "I warn you. Once we have won the war we will deal



with the likes of you quite differently." At that point I was twenty-two, and I was totally intimidated, but I said, "I have just one question, *Herr Generalkonsul*: Do I or do I not get my passport renewed?" And he said, "Unfortunately, I have to renew it and give it back to you because you have a receipt for 80¢ in your pocket." There you have what I still consider to this day the quintessence of German bullying, and at the same time being correct. They won't shortchange you. They will kill you, but they won't shortchange you! That made a lasting impression on me. Shortly thereafter, thank God, Captain Wiedemann was declared *persona non grata* and sent back to Germany on a Swedish liner, and my next prolongation or extension of my passport had to be done in Washington by the embassy, and they couldn't care less. No personal appearance necessary.

I got my Ph.D. in June of 1944, but I already joined the army on my birthday, on October 26, 1943. I fought in New Guinea, the Moluccas, and Mindanao, and I was demobilized. I was never more than private first class. I was with the Dixie Devils; they all were National Guard from Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida. There were no chances of promotion, but I did make PFC by an act of Congress because Congress in its wisdom passed a law that anybody who had been continuously at the front lines for eight months was automatically promoted from private to private first class. I had my combat infantry badge, for which I got \$10 a month extra.



I was wounded on August 11, 1944, behind the enemy lines in New Guinea. I saved the life of a comrade, and I was supposed to be decorated for that with the Silver Star. I was wounded myself, and he was badly wounded in his knee. The padre—you know, the chaplain—came with a long face to my bed and said, "Are you Private von Bothmer?" I said yes, and he said, "I have bad news for you." I said, "How on earth can I get bad news?" I had practically no family in America. He said, "You can't get a Silver Star." And I said, "Is that all? That's so bad?" He explained to me, "But you don't understand, soldier. In order to get the Silver Star, you need two outside witnesses to your act of heroism, and you only had the one whose life you saved; that is not enough for army regulations." Forgive me, I was in some pain, but I burst out laughing. I said, "You really made my day." When he asked me why I was laughing I said, "If there had been someone else to be my second witness, he could have carried that boy to safety, I wouldn't have had to carry him, and nobody would have gotten the decoration." But you see, army is army, and of course, I was glad to be out of it.

I did end up my war teaching in what was called I and E, which theoretically is Information and Education, but we used to call it Ignorance and Enthusiasm. I taught basic skills, because half the people in my division were illiterates, you know—the Georgia crackers and all that. I taught them how to write a decent sentence, and I taught them basic math. I also was the ghost writer for my general, who was an



insurance man from Tampa, Florida. When I gave a lecture in Tampa a few years ago, lo and behold I met a man who had known General Lowry and we swapped our stories about him. But you want to hear other things.

LYONS: I had a question. Did you know Elizabeth Jastrow in North Carolina?

VON BOTHMER: Of course I knew her. She is still living.

LYONS: No, I think she passed away several years ago. I ask you because we have her personal archive.

VON BOTHMER: She lived in Greensboro.

LYONS: Yes. Could you just say a couple of words about her?

VON BOTHMER: Well, she was a friend of the great Ludwig Curtius. She was a refugee from Germany and did some very good work on terracotta Arulae, published in Sweden. I met her in 1939 in North Carolina, but never saw her again after the war. I knew her and of course I met many other people. I was being fed and housed by refugees in North Carolina, but I didn't want to just loaf around the house. With part of the money I got from the Rhodes Trust I actually paid tuition for one semester at Duke University, in Durham. There was an archaeology [professor] who had taken a summer session with David Robinson at Johns Hopkins, but all I learned from him and still remember is that plate 1 in Brunn-Bruckmann [*Denkmaler griechischer und römischer Skulptur*] is the Tenea kouros in Munich. Did you know that? That's all he taught us. Then I took one course under professor [Robert S.] Rogers, and that



was a seminar. We had to differentiate between *moderatio* and *modestia* in Tacitus' *Annals*. And that would have been perfect, but it was in the evening, and he took us bowling at the bowling alley in Durham, and I haven't bowled since. I mean, most of these things were traumatic.

So all that was of course a disappointment to me, but on the other hand, there was [Bennett] Harvie Branscomb, who is still alive and who is now one hundred. He was professor of the New Testament and had been a Rhodes Scholar at Wadham College in 1914. He was very helpful and he and his wife entertained me a little bit. Then he became chancellor of Vanderbilt University in Nashville, and he is still living in Nashville, but he doesn't reply to the appeal for contributions to the college fund. You know, people reach that age where charity begins at home.

SMITH: What did you study at Berkeley?

VON BOTHMER: At Berkeley I was in classics, because in those days there was no history of art department. There was Oliver [M.] Washburn, who had written one article in the *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift* in the 1890s, on Delphi. He had studied for one year at Bonn, and on the strength of that, on his return to America he was appointed almost immediately a full professor of archaeology at the university. H. R. W. Smith told me right from the outset, "You don't have to take any courses under Oliver Washburn. He hasn't cracked a book since about 1910." His specialty was architecture, and he was one of the men who examined me. I may have been

flustered, but, anyhow, he asked me an intricate question on the construction of one of the treasuries at Delphi, because that had been his real interest. I wouldn't say I flunked it totally, but I did not satisfy him. But there was no history of art taught then. That was brought into being by a wonderful man called Walter Horn, whose older brother, Rudolf Horn, was an archaeologist in Göttingen. Walter Horn married an American and then he got divorced and married someone else, and finally had children. Is he still alive?

LYONS: He is very frail.

VON BOTHMER: He would be in his eighties. Well, to go back to what I did art-wise. Smith of course gave no lecture courses; it was all seminars. His seminars are now being replicated by me in that I give seminars at New York University and I tell them some of Smith's stories and the students just won't believe them. I had to do a seminar report on how to date black-figured hydriai. Smith was working on the *Corpus Vasorum* of San Francisco at that time, and my doctoral dissertation on Amazons in Greek art was the outgrowth of a little problem he had with a black-figured neck amphora in San Francisco with an Amazonomachy. Out of that he wanted me to write an entire dissertation on Amazons in Greek art. That was the kind of mind he had.

SMITH: At the De Young Museum?

VON BOTHMER: Yes. The other one was at the Legion of Honor, and now they

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
JOSEPH NEALE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. NEALE, AT THE
SIGN OF THE THREE KINGS, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1790.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

PRINTED BY J. NEALE, AT THE
SIGN OF THE THREE KINGS, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1790.

are merged.

SMITH: Right.

VON BOTHMER: Anyhow, H. R. W. Smith wanted me to work on hydriai, and I soon figured out the best way to give the impression of being very thorough. I counted ivy leaves. I explained to him that the best clue to the chronology was if one counted the ivy leaves that framed the panel on the body. Then I made one possibly daring change in established chronology and I said, "This one is a little earlier than the ivy leaves would lead me to suspect, as I look at the beard." I got the classic question from H. R. W. Smith: "Tell me, Dietrich. Have you gone through every beard in Attic black figure?" And he meant it. In order to make such a statement based on the beard of a warrior, according to Smith, you had to look at every beard in Attic black figure, which obviously I hadn't done.

Now comes Pearl Harbor and the hideous curfew imposed on enemy aliens, which I still was, technically, on the west coast. Of course I wasn't sent to a concentration camp like the infinitely worse-treated Japanese—those that were born in this country were also locked up, as you know. I had to be at home where I lived on Panoramic Way at 8 P.M. I couldn't leave the house before 8 A.M. Panoramic Way is by coincidence five minutes from where my son now lives; he lives on Canyon Road, and I showed him where I lived. I paid \$30 a month and it was furnished. I had to do my own cooking, and the stores closed at six o'clock. How could I then go

up the hill to Panoramic Way and have my dinner and then go back to the library for half an hour? It was hardly worth it, and my work on the dissertation suffered terribly.

Then I had a great piece of good fortune. I keep stressing my good fortune, not in order to brag, but just to show you I remember with gratitude. I had a friend, Kurt Riezler, from Berlin, who was a professor at the New School for Social Research here in New York. He was a refugee because he had married the daughter of Max Liebermann, the German impressionist Jewish painter. Riezler heard of my plight and wrote me a letter from Chicago where he was a visiting professor, saying, "Dietrich, I hear you have to be home at eight. We don't have a curfew in Chicago. If you apply for the Martin Ryerson Fellowship at the University of Chicago, I can virtually guarantee you that you will get a fellowship by return mail." He said, "Nobody learns anything from F. P. Johnson. He hasn't had a student in years, and the faculty is worried that if nobody applies for that fellowship it will be given to atomic research." You know that [Enrico] Fermi was in Chicago and they were building the atom bomb. They wanted to have a representative there who would take that fellowship. So I had to [inform] Professor Smith, and I had just received from the University of California the higher university fellowship that paid not \$650 a year, but \$850. Now that was a lot of money, but to me, freedom has always been more important than money. The idea of once again being able to go to a movie in the



evening instead of going to the matinee, and not being afraid if I came five minutes late that the FBI would arrest me and then lock me up, which would be the end, not just of my academic career but of my entire future—[all this led me to] accept the fellowship.

Smith never forgave me. He took it as a personal insult, but F. P. Johnson, on the other hand, offered me on a silver platter the Ph.D. of Chicago if I would submit my dissertation to him. There I was loyal to Smith. I said, "Professor Johnson, that I can't do. It was Professor Smith who gave me my leg up with my International House Fellowship, it was Professor Smith who passed me through my orals, and it was he who suggested the dissertation; that would be a real betrayal." Well, then Johnson didn't want me to take his courses because they were on Attic red figure. He had heard I was a student of Beazley's and I had inadvertently also mentioned that Beazley had shown me his text of *Attic Red-figure Vase-painters*, which didn't come out until 1942; it hadn't come yet to America. Johnson was scared that I would have knowledge that would contradict what he was telling his students, so he told me he would give me an A if I didn't show up for his seminar in Attic red figure.

The first quarter was a disaster because he gave a lecture course on the art of pre-classical Greece, and he shouldn't have used the word "art" because I thought that pre-classical meant archaic, but not in his vocabulary. It was all from the Neolithic on to the Bronze Age. I was the only person taking his course and he was reading his



lecture notes to me. In the old days there were three lectures a week, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, but when [Robert] Maynard Hutchins changed the curriculum of Chicago, it was no longer on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday; it was now on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, but Johnson still read from his old notes: "Last Saturday we discussed such and such." He gave me all the measurements of the Palace of Minos translated into feet from centimeters and meters. It was a crushing bore.

I had to do a term paper for him. He gave me a celt, an amorphous piece of stone, and he didn't tell me where it came from. I treated it as a joke. I had a good friend in the geology department and he identified the stone for me. I made a beautiful drawing of it—I didn't have a camera in those days—with all the veining of the stone, and I said, "Since the owner has not revealed the provenance of this celt to me I have absolutely no clue how old it is and what culture it belongs to." And Johnson said I should have researched some more. At that point I trembled, because although I had a fellowship, I was afraid that he would give me a bad grade. I acted like a typical student. I went to Dean [Richard] McKeon and I simply said, "Professor McKeon, I'd like to change my enrollment from credit to audit." And he said, "No problem." So Johnson couldn't give me the exam.

Johnson was no help to me, but I did have Edgar Wind. He was teaching, and then he fell ill and he was malingering of course; he didn't like Chicago, and he gave



private seminars in his bedroom. He was already married to Margaret Wind. I did a paper on the three graces for Wind, which he quoted in his book [*Bellini's Feast of the Gods*], *A Study in Venetian Humanism*. I came across that by accident. Edgar Wind was a great friend of Henri Frankfort, who was the head of the Oriental Institute. I still have my notebooks. I got a solid training in ancient near-eastern and Egyptian art and archaeology. That was very profitable, and I had special problems under Edgar Wind, on Renaissance iconography. [Ulrich] Middeldorf was at that time head of the art department. There was a distant cousin of mine, Helmut von Erffa, who was teaching at Northwestern; his specialty was Islamic architecture. He invited me to his place. Chicago was not all that bad.

My brother in the meantime had arrived in America and worked for the Office of War Information and later for the War Department in New York. I had never seen New York because, as I described, I passed through it on the Greyhound bus to Philadelphia. The 1942 Christmas meeting of the Archaeological Institute was held in New York, and it was a much abbreviated meeting because travel by train was difficult, and one could forget about flying. That is where I met with Miss [G. M. A.] Richter. Miss Richter, whose chair you are sitting in, had heard of me because of my brother Bernard. In order to help me a little bit, Bernard had brought Miss Richter certain books from Europe that he thought she would like. Miss Richter had taken a liking to my brother and then had started writing to me in California, so we had been



in correspondence. And now I was meeting her. I met Miss Christine Alexander, and tea was served in the afternoon, and Hanfmann gave a talk on the architecture of Etruscan temples. Hanfmann so much wanted to be what one now calls politically correct, and so he used a popular song in his lecture, which was "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." That was a wartime song. When he showed his first slide of the Etruscan temple he said, "That's where the ancient Etruscans of the late seventh century presumably praised the lord and passed the ammunition." And I winced. If you want to become American, don't use second-hand war propaganda. But that was the same Hanfmann who a few years earlier had absolutely refused to help me, and he will come back later in my narrative.

I had a wonderful time in New York and I went back there in the spring of 1943. At that time I met my first bona fide American collector, namely Vladimir Simkhovitch. Have you heard of him? His collection is now in Indiana, because his daughter Helen, who is a sculptress, lives there. Simkhovitch was a real crook. Everything about him was crooked. He was a Russian obviously, from the Ukraine with a name like Simkhovitch, and he had studied under [Adolf] Furtwängler, which nobody could verify because Furtwängler died young. Simkhovitch married a rich American who had been a student in Halle. He came to America before the Russian Revolution had broken out and got his degree with a book he had written on—guess what?—Greek economic history, which was a translation of what the great Michael I.



Rostovtzeff had done as his life's work. Rostovtzeff of course was still in the Soviet Union, and Simkhovitch produced his English version of a book that had not yet been published in English, but he had the original Russian book. On the strength of that, Simkhovitch became a professor at Columbia. And on the strength of his wife's money he started building up a magnificent collection. I mean magnificent; there were endless tales with every single object.

I met him again later after I got out of the army and I lived in Greenwich Village. He wanted me to get a good job at a university here on the east coast so that I could help him publish his collection, but I, quite independent of Simkhovitch, had renewed my acquaintance with Miss Richter. I had arrived in New York on March 15, and on April 1, 1946 I was appointed assistant curator [in the Department of Greek and Roman Art at the Metropolitan Museum]. Miss Richter was so excited she took me down to her storerooms to start work right away. And who was working in the storerooms on that day? Hanfmann! I have never seen his face fall quite so long. "George, I want you to meet our new assistant curator, Dietrich von Bothmer, you remember him?" Of course Hanfmann winced, because he had changed from Etruscan to Lydian in order to get a job in the Metropolitan Museum, since we have a large collection of Lydian fragments. It was all a question of Lydian being the ancestor of Etruscan, and Hanfmann changed his Etruscan opinion to suit the demands of the Metropolitan Museum. He had gotten from Miss Richter permission



to publish our Lydian pottery and he was in our basement working on it. And there I was. It was a disaster. Out of that in turn came the dig in Sardis, because Hanfmann couldn't finish his book on Lydian pottery in the Metropolitan Museum without digging as he told me, "a test trench or two" at Sardis. Then they found the synagogue there and before you knew it, there were lectures given at every Harvard club in the country on the Jewish synagogue at Sardis. Hanfmann got a great deal of support and the latest outcropping of this is of course Greenie [Crawford Greenwalt]. But that's another chapter. Now you want to hear more about collectors.

I also met Walter Baker and his wife in 1946. After lunch at the Cosmopolitan Club, I was taken by Miss Richter and Miss Alexander to see Walter Baker's collection. They wanted to see how I would react in the home not of a Vladimir Simkhovitch but of a gentleman collector. You know the old ideas: Are you going to be impudent? Are you going to be polite? Are you going to ask dumb or boring questions? Miss Richter, ever the educator, said, "Dietrich, tell me something about this," and she picked up a bronze relief. I said, "Well, this is very singular, because the bottom part of it reminds me very much of a Melian relief, and the top part, on the other hand, is a perfectly normal sixth-century bronze relief. Well, that of course was a loaded question because it was in fact half fake and half genuine. But Miss Richter wanted to test two things: whether I could recognize a fake for a fake and how I would wriggle out of it, being asked in the presence of the



collector. The whole thing was geared to that. So she exchanged glances with Miss Alexander, and after the visit, which I must have passed with honors or flying colors, we then had tea at the Cosmopolitan Club, so that was quite a day for the Cosmopolitan Club.

Then Miss Richter said, "Christine and I have been thinking. Wouldn't you like to work in the Metropolitan Museum?" And I said, obviously, that I would. Miss Richter said, "You see, we all thought when you came here a week ago that you were on vacation from Berkeley, because didn't you have a position at the University of California?" I told her yes, but they completely betrayed me. I went into the army having been appointed instructor in the art department at the University of California, with the glorious salary of \$750 for a semester. When I was sworn into the army on October 26, 1943, I went to the dean and head of the art department, Erle Loran, and he wished me godspeed and all that.

I voted on an absentee ballot in the presidential elections of 1944. There was a proposition that employees of the state of California, if they were veterans, should be guaranteed their job back after the war. That is what kept me alive during the war, in New Guinea, and in these other dangerous places—the wonderful prospect of teaching. Unlike others, who would have to go back on the G.I. Bill of Rights and get their degree, I had my Ph.D. given to me in June, in absentia, from the University of California. I really looked forward to teaching. When I was demobilized, the day

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

after Christmas 1945, I took the bus from Camp Beale to Berkeley, and waited until after the holidays to present myself to the art department. Do you know what Erle Loran said? "You have no job." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "You didn't apply for military leave of absence."

[Tape II, Side One]

VON BOTHMER: I got really mad and I said, "Thank God not every university in this country is acting like your university, because otherwise we might even have lost the war." Which I thought was the only answer I could give to a really nasty person like that. I had used up all my savings, mind you. I had saved \$700 in the army, and I used it all up going from coast to coast looking for a job. I was not exactly running out of hope, but I was running out of money, and I had saved New York for the last. I even went to Bryn Mawr. Did I tell you about that?

LYONS: No.

VON BOTHMER: Mary Swindler greeted me with open arms, because in the meantime my article on the Tyrrhenian vases had been published in *AJA* ["The Painters of 'Tyrrhenian' Vases." *American Journal of Archaeology* 48, no. 2 (1944): 161-170]. She must have thought highly of me. I was still in uniform and Mary said, "Dietrich, can you take over my seminar on black figure this afternoon?" And I, who hadn't cracked a book in two years, with the youthful optimism one has, said, "Sure." So I entertained the girls. Of course they only looked at my uniform, you know what



I mean. Bryn Mawr girls were quite different in those days.

When I got the job in New York, Miss Richter not only bragged in front of Hanfmann; no, she did worse. She wrote a letter to her good friend Mary Swindler and said, "Guess what, Mary? I have Dietrich as my new assistant curator." Mary Swindler wrote back a furious letter saying, "You would do this to me, Gisela. Didn't you know that I wanted him for Bryn Mawr?" The trouble with the Anglo-Saxons is that they are so terribly reserved. If only Mary had opened her mouth, I would have saved myself the money going all the way to New York. I might have stayed right there in Bryn Mawr.

LYONS: And history would be different.

VON BOTHMER: History would be different. But that is so peculiar. You know, one shouldn't get his hopes up, and at that point I was clutching at straws. I even tried to get a job in Richmond, Virginia. My brother had had military training in Camp Ritchie, in Virginia. The Tazwell Carringtons were present through mutual friends when he was sworn in as an American citizen, so I looked them up. That was a very important family. Carter Carrington wanted me to work for the Richmond museum [Virginia Museum of Fine Arts] when I visited her early in March of that year. We got to the museum five minutes before it closed and the guard merely told her, "Sorry ma'am, but the museum's closing now." She said, "Will you kindly tell the director that I expect him for a glass of sherry after church tomorrow." That was



a Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Carrington told me what church she worshipped in and I had to go to that church. That was the first time I had been to a church in America, and I realized that people gave envelopes. I was quite embarrassed because I had come in their car and I didn't have money on me. Mrs. Carrington said, "All right, that's taken care of by my envelope." Then the great director of the [Virginia Museum of Fine Arts] appeared. He couldn't have been more embarrassed, because I was presented to him as the person he should hire, and of course he had no such notion of doing that. That was a fiasco. So here you have me established in New York, and now we finally get into collectors, dealers, and all that. Will you spend the night here, or not?

SMITH: Oh yes, we want to come back tomorrow.

VON BOTHMER: If I may, I will cut it off right here at this critical juncture, leaving you in suspense.



SESSION TWO: 29 MARCH, 1995

[Tape III, Side One]

VON BOTHMER: Now, tell me, how far did we get in general?

SMITH: You had just been hired to be assistant curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

VON BOTHMER: Yes, and I had mentioned [Vladimir] Simkhovitch; we more or less dealt with him.

SMITH: Yes, we dealt with Simkhovitch, and you discussed Baker and your test.

VON BOTHMER: My test—whether I had the proper manners for Park Avenue. And now I'll get to Albert Gallatin.

SMITH: Okay, let's begin with Albert Gallatin.

VON BOTHMER: The oldest and most important living collector at that time was Albert Gallatin, who in an age when one had private tutors, received an excellent education. His ancestor founded New York University and was the Secretary of the Treasury in Adams's cabinet, if I am not mistaken. Albert Gallatin had a town house, which he sold during the war, with the result that he could no longer accommodate his enormous collection of well over 150 Greek vases. Being a member of the Century Association, he asked Francis Henry Taylor, then director of the Metropolitan, whether by any chance the museum would be interested in buying his collection at well below cost, which the museum then promptly did because it was



unheard of to get such a collection that had been built up almost in rivalry with the Metropolitan Museum at that time for so little money. Gallatin very carefully calculated his price that he had paid, and then he gave us a generous deduction. He had very much wanted to become a benefactor by calculating the difference between the value and the price that he charged us for it. His arithmetic, which was good enough for his bills, was not good enough to figure out how much it would take to become a benefactor—in those happy days it was only \$25,000, a one-shot affair, and you were a benefactor, and so he didn't become a benefactor. But he was still a power in certain circles in New York, and his interests had shifted to Egyptian art. He kept just a mere handful of vases so as to remind him that at one time he had the biggest collection of vases in private hands after William Randolph Hearst, who had roughly 520 at one time.

SMITH: Can I ask you why a collector would be interested in Greek vases as opposed to Italian Renaissance paintings or Chinese silk?

VON BOTHMER: Well, I would say that if your interest in Chinese [art] is instilled in you from your childhood on you would have a lifetime occupation buying Chinese art. In the case of Albert Gallatin, his first trip to Europe was with his tutor, who was Bishop [William Croswell] Doane of the Episcopal church. They went together to Greece and to Egypt around 1912, and so Gallatin's interest was awakened and he, having absolutely nothing to do, indulged in buying vases. I mean, he got married,



had children and all that, but he had no profession; he clipped coupons.

Together with his friend [Joseph C.] Hoppin, who bequeathed his collection to Harvard in 1925, Gallatin published the first American fascicle of the *Corpus Vasorum Antiquorum*. He was what the Germans call *ein gebildeter Sammler*, an educated collector. Simkhovitch may have had an academic title, but his academic honors were a little dubious, whereas Gallatin was a man who had studied on his own, and with sometimes better results than many a person who got a Ph.D. from Berkeley, let alone Harvard.

SMITH: Did you know him?

VON BOTHMER: Yes, of course I knew him. He didn't die until much later.

Gallatin also collected coins, and he published his own coins. That is not known outside the circle of numismatists. When I first met Gallatin he told me a few stories about the conflicts he had had with Miss Richter, because they frequented the same dealers. I prefer to think of that time as the golden age of dealers and collectors, because the dealers that one dealt with were gentlemen. The ones who now run certain outfits which I shan't mention, or who have become multi-millionaires, like certain people that I can mention even less, are not at all of the same class. The dealers dealt with gentlemen, and gentlemen did not buy at the flea market or go to Italy and meet someone there—they bought in New York. The sales tax of course was minimal; it was something like 3 1/2 percent in those days.



Among the dealers in New York you had what I call the holy trinity: [Dikran] Kelekian, who was easily the oldest; [Hagop] Kevorkian; and Joseph Brummer. The first two were Armenian, and virtually contemporaries. They started buying already in the 1890s. Jacob Hirsch, who was often mentioned in connection with them, was a more recent arrival in America because he had been established in Paris before the war.

When the war broke out in 1914, Hirsch's house was blocked and regarded as enemy alien property. He himself of course went to Switzerland. Now he did have in Paris at that time his most important object, and that was the Seated Goddess from Tarentum. He had put all his money into that, and the object had been destined to go to Berlin. This story I have from Jacobsthal and I can vouch for his veracity. Hirsch's minor objects were still on the rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré, but he had to get the statue of his Seated Goddess out of that house. He had befriended the son or nephew of the Italian consul general in Paris, a man by the name of Tom Virzi. Virzi was charged to present himself at the enemy alien property office in Paris and to claim that this statue was his. Italy, as you know, was neutral at that time; it didn't get into the first war until 1915, and instead of honoring its alliance with Austria and Germany it went over to the other side, but that's normal. So Virzi won his point and the French relinquished the object. By bribing the right kind of people in the *chemin de fer*, it was put on a freight car that was attached to an ammunitions train going to Belfort,

near the Swiss border, where, still in the pay of Virzi, that is to say, Jacob Hirsch, they unhitched the car holding the Seated Goddess and pushed it by hand over the Swiss frontier, and from Switzerland it went to Berlin. On New Year's Day, 1916, that statue graced the cover of the bulletin of the Berlin Museum, which made the French absolutely furious. Virzi, however, lost his privileged status. The Italians had entered the war, and they considered it highly unpatriotic, not that a statue had been smuggled out of Italy, that was neither here nor there, but that it had been sold to Germany, you see. So Virzi's father, or uncle, lost his cushy job as consul in Paris, and Virzi was kept on by Hirsch until his dying days. It was Virzi who then became the executor of the estate of his employer.

Jacob Hirsch died in 1955. He established an office in Geneva and became a Swiss citizen, because he felt if ever there should be another war, he didn't want to have any of that trouble, being a German national; it would be a lot easier as a Swiss, because they were neutral. He did then establish himself in America shortly before the outbreak of the war, and had an apartment in the Dorset Hotel in the West Fifties, between Sixth Avenue and Fifth Avenue. He was married, and he gave dinner parties in the Dorset Hotel, to which his clients were invited. Of course in the days of Miss Richter a curator could never accept a dinner invitation given by a dealer; that was a no no.

Hirsch began moving back and forth between New York and Switzerland,



because, especially after the crash, he had far more clients in America than in Europe. You know, everybody talks about having lost money in the crash in America, but in Europe an entire level of wealth was wiped out. Obviously, Mr. Gallatin lived within walking distance of where Mr. Hirsch had his place, so he would look at objects. We worked in those days on Saturday mornings, but on Saturday afternoon Miss Richter was free, first to have lunch at the Cosmopolitan, and then to visit Brummer and Hirsch. She always thought that she had to be very, very discreet, believing, wrongly, I now know, that the two of them were such rivals that they would never exchange information. During those years Miss Richter had always scheduled her appointments with these two dealers at distinct, separate hours, never mentioning to the one that she had already seen the other. Later I learned that Hirsch and Brummer would usually get together for dinner or for a drink and swap stories.

[One day], Miss Richter saw a beautiful group of four lekythoi by the Sappho Painter that we now have in this museum as part of the Gallatin purchase, and she said, "Oh, that's marvelous, I think I like that one best." She picked one of the four, the one with Herakles sacrificing; you see Helios and you see Eos and Nyx, and it's really a marvelous tableau. Jacob Hirsch was very much on the spot, because much as he liked Miss Richter, he had promised these four lekythoi to Albert Gallatin. He simply said that he already had a client, not just for one, but for the four of them, and Miss Richter, naively said, "Well, that means you can still sell him the three others."

[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly organized in a table with multiple columns. The content is too blurry to transcribe accurately.]

And then Hirsch, the gentleman, said, "I'm sorry, Miss Richter, but I'm dealing with a collector who knows enough to keep four lekythoi that were found together, together, even if it is in a private house." Then Miss Richter thought, "Well now, whom can he mean? It could only be Gallatin." She got on the telephone to Gallatin and Gallatin, who could be quite gruff, said, "No, Gisela, for once I am putting my foot down. I want them. They were offered to me and I'm taking them; you might get them later on." Many of the Gallatin vases came on loan to the museum anyway.

As to the collaboration with Brummer and Hirsch, that is another story that has never been published, and I'd like to give as much unknown information for your archives as possible. After the death of [John] Marshall [purchasing agent at the Metropolitan], Miss Richter negotiated the purchase of the famous kouros in New York, which was offered to us by Jacob Hirsch. The price, which I can reveal to you now that everything has gone up into the millions, was \$150,000. This was in 1932. What we didn't know at that time, and what Miss Richter least suspected, was that Hirsch, in order to satisfy the Greek supplier, could not do it all with his own money, so he and Joseph Brummer were in partnership on the kouros. It was Brummer who said, "Look, I'm Hungarian, and a Hungarian Jew to boot. You have dealt with Miss Richter for longer than you have dealt with me. Look, Jacob, you do the entire business." Miss Richter never suspected this and considered it a great coup that she had gotten the kouros from Jacob Hirsch.

Now I'm coming to Brummer, ever so briefly, because we will go a little back and forth, but that's the climate in which we live. Joseph Brummer was very poor, although his father was a grain supplier for the Austro-Hungarian army. He was born in a small village on the border between Hungary and what is now, or used to be until fairly recently, Yugoslavia. Brummer wanted to become an artist, and what was the mecca for artists? Paris. He practically hitchhiked from his village in Hungary to Paris, where he knocked at the door of Auguste Rodin. He could barely speak French, but he explained to Rodin that he would do anything for the privilege to be near *le grand maître*. All the French workmen that Rodin had around him treated Brummer like dirt. He had to sweep the studio. But then he posed for Rodin, and Rodin began to take an interest in him. Rodin explained sculpture to Brummer in such terms that he could do minor things with these sculptures that Rodin was working on. If I'm not mistaken, Rodin lived until 1917—both in Meudon and later in the place on the Left Bank, Faubourg St.-Germain, where the Musée Rodin is now located.

Well, now comes the interesting thing: Brummer at that point wanted to support himself and not sleep on the floor in Rodin's studio, and by walking all over the Left Bank he discovered two buildings with an empty triangular space between them. He got enough orange crates and other stuff that was left over in the gutter to build himself a door, and he slept in that triangular space for the longest time, using

the public bathrooms, because he couldn't afford to pay rent. Then he began to literally peddle Japanese prints, which had become very fashionable.

Brummer was always looking for things to buy, and one day he was accosted by a Greek produce dealer in Les Halles, who had on his pushcart an Attic grave relief. Brummer, who had trained his eye sufficiently, recognized the quality and said to himself, "This is not a Japanese print that I'll buy and sell; this is something for the Louvre." Now, there was one problem; namely, he couldn't hire anybody to transport it to the Louvre, so he not only had to buy the grave relief from the Greek peddler, he also had to buy the pushcart. He wheeled it into the courtyard of the Louvre and had a friend watch the pushcart while he ran upstairs and got [Etienne] Michon, the *conservateur* of the Louvre. Michon looked at the grave relief and bought it on the spot. That was the turning point in Joseph Brummer's life. The profits he made on that grave relief allowed him to rent a room and to demolish his temporary shelter. He gave up sweeping the floor for Rodin, and he got his younger brother to leave Hungary and join him in Paris. And that is how Ernest Brummer, who later turned against his brother, came to America.

Ernest Brummer had a life-long hatred of his older brother because he never understood the lessons he got from Joe. Joe wanted Ernest Brummer to be fully educated, to be a student at the Ecole du Louvre and learn all about Greek art. When there were no classes, Joe told his brother to go through the Louvre and study every

[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly organized in a table with multiple columns. The content is too blurry to transcribe accurately.]

vitrine. By that time I think they had a one-room apartment with two beds and a kitchenette. In the evenings Joe would [quiz] Ernest about what he saw in the museum, and Ernest would say, "Well, today, Joseph, I looked at the first vase gallery," and he mentioned all the geometric vases. Then Brummer said, "And what is in the vitrines under the windows?" When Ernest said, "Joseph, I forgot to look," Joseph Brummer took off his belt and whipped him. That old-fashioned corporal punishment left a trauma in Ernest Brummer. He was just waiting for the day when he could get even with his brother.

Then of course World War I came, and before World War I Joseph Brummer, being interested in modern art, had gone to America to help organize the famous, seminal Armory Exhibit. While in America he also developed an interest in pre-Columbian antiquities. He got [Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods] Bliss started on their collection of pre-Columbian antiquities. Joseph stayed in America during the war, and Ernest was in France. Well, the same thing that happened to Hirsch also happened to the house of Brummer. Hungary was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the branch of the Brummer establishment that was in Paris—also by coincidence on the rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré, not too far from Jacob Hirsch—was promptly sealed, enemy alien property.

Ernest, who had escaped before the outbreak of the war and was back in his native Hungary, went into the army and was fighting in a contingent that was sent to

the Western Front, where he was promptly taken prisoner by the French. His French was quite good, and he said, "Oh no. I'm not coming as a prisoner. I have surrendered to you. I want to fight in the French army because Hungarians want to be independent of Austria. I was conscripted into the Austro-Hungarian army." So the French took him into their army and he had to fight on the other side, only to be taken prisoner by the Austrians. Then he changed his tune a little bit and said, "I'm not a Frenchman. I can tell you everything about the French positions, because I was taken prisoner by them. I wanted to rejoin the Austrian army." So he got decorated by the Austrians.

Now comes the end of the war. Of course Brummer had a certain investment in his establishment in Paris, whereas Hirsch lost everything—it was sold at a compulsory auction after the war in 1921. [Joseph] Brummer, being ever the smart man, realized that the boundaries of Hungary would be redrawn. Through the Blisses in Washington, he got to know the professors at Columbia who redrew the map of Europe—to produce the Second War, if you wish, because they had no knowledge of geography but they listened to native or local interests. Brummer arranged to have the village where he was born be adjudicated to Yugoslavia. No sooner had the treaty been signed, in Trianon I believe, than he presented himself at the newly-opened Yugoslav embassy in Washington to apply for a Yugoslav passport. They didn't quite know how to make a passport. It was one of these brand-new nations



that had been created, so he was put on the waiting list. But I think he had the first Yugoslav passport. He was not yet an American, obviously.

With that Yugoslav passport, he then went to visit his new-found native land, Yugoslavia, and he came back realizing that those poor people didn't have any shoes. They were still walking in sandals and their bare feet. He read in the paper that a shoe factory in Brooklyn was going bankrupt, and he had made enough money by selling pre-Columbian antiquities and other things to buy up the entire contents of the shoe factory. He got a freighter to Yugoslavia and peddled the shoes from one end of Yugoslavia to the other, and of course made money on it. As for the French, he presented himself as a Yugoslav citizen and got his house back.

Then he made a real killing. As you may remember, France was full of war speculators, like every other country. The franc was not devalued, but it [had diminished] in value after the war, especially when they got the reparations money paid in gold from Germany. Whenever you get too much money into a country there is a certain debasement of the currency, and people wanted desperately to buy works of art. Brummer, who had been sequestered for all these years, had the only shop in Paris in [the early twenties] that could offer anything worthwhile. Against his will, he had hoarded his objects. They were medieval objects . . . any number of things, because his taste had been totally catholic. Then it was decided that Ernest should stay in Paris, because Joseph Brummer was a little suspicious of him; he was a



recalcitrant younger brother and Joseph thought, "Well, in Paris that's all right."

Now comes another story that you may not know. There is a portrait of Joseph Brummer smoking a cigarette, painted by Henri Rousseau. There is Brummer, a little balding, but he has black hair down over his ears, in front view, with a cigarette, and then exotic plants behind him. That painting came up for sale in Paris while Joseph Brummer was in New York, and he promptly cabled his brother Ernest: "Ernest, this is my portrait. You must get it at the sale." The sale came and went, and there was no reply from Ernest Brummer. In those days people didn't telephone—you know, it was very difficult to place a trans-Atlantic telephone call—so Joseph sent a telegram. Ernest Brummer replied as follows: "Since it went over \$10,000, I thought it wouldn't be worth it. Up to \$10,000 it would have been a bargain, but after \$10,000 it would have been mere family piety, and we don't make our money on family piety." Well, that did it. The fact that Ernest hadn't looked under the windows in the Louvre was long forgiven if not forgotten by the older brother. But not to have come to the forefront and bid on that painting which established the family as being worthy, having been painted by a great painter—that was a betrayal of every Old Testament tradition. There was a third brother who was destined to become the successor to Joseph Brummer, Imre, but he died young. And did Joseph [ever] go into a long period of mourning.

So now I am back in New York. When I came to New York I had vaguely



heard of the existence of the three Brummer brothers. Beazley had told me [about Ernest]. Joe Brummer was the elegant man, and he was the one who dealt with the Rockefellers and the Blisses, and Mr. [James] Rorimer for the Cloisters, and with all the other collectors of great renown. He had a private house that has since been torn down, on Fifty-eighth Street, and I visited it and saw treasures galore. That was another basic difference between the dealers of today and the dealers of my younger years. In the old days people did not sell hand over fist in order to pay for the next purchase. No, they had stock, and that was valuable stock, and it did not cut into their standard of living to have these objects, because far from being white elephants they were simply very valuable things that you didn't have to get rid of at a bargain sale or a garage sale. Also, they had big spaces. In other words, there was this three-story house on Fifty-eighth Street that belonged to Brummer, and he had different things on different floors. There was of course an elevator, and there was a marble facade. I'm sorry it never became a landmark, but that was in the days before we appreciated decent living and wanted to preserve it.

When I [admired] something at Brummer's he would say, "Mr. von Bothmer, you don't have to look at that too closely now. All the things that I have that are of museum quality will go to the [Metropolitan] Museum in my will." Little did I know at the time that he had made the same promise to the Louvre, in recognition of the first purchase that set him on the road to both wealth and recognition. He had made

two wills but he hadn't signed either of them. If I'm not mistaken he died in 1947. He had cancer. So no will was signed, but there was the corporation, and his objects were the property of the corporation. Then there was the enormous Brummer sale of 1949, in three sessions. Before the Brummer sale at Parke-Bernet, as it was then called, Ernest Brummer, as the executor, offered the former clients of the corporation certain choice objects before the sale. Mr. Walter Baker stepped in; he was very active at that time. He had become a widower in the meantime, but nevertheless he wanted to continue collecting, and he bought quite a number of things. The Metropolitan Museum was also offered [the opportunity] to select objects.

Now I must interject at this point. Miss Richter gave up the administration of the department in June of 1948, having reached the age of sixty-five and a certain number of months, because in those days you were retired at the end of the fiscal year following your sixty-fifth birthday. Of course it was a great concession that Miss Richter did not have to retire at the age of sixty, which was the mandatory retirement age for women at that time. She was made an honorary man without even having a political organization behind her in Washington. This tells you a little bit about Miss Richter. If she were alive today she would really be appalled at all the fuss that is being made about equal rights for women, because she had never been discriminated against. But that was because of merit and not because of law. She applied her own standards of excellence, and that was all that mattered. If she favored women for her



department it was because she felt that once a woman has become important in a department or in some kind of enterprise, it is incumbent on that woman to employ other talented deserving women. It wasn't that she spurned men, because she did hire me, but there was a basic feeling that one could further women more by being kind to them. If you listen to some of the propaganda and some of the infighting that now goes on—you must be aware of it—it's rather pathetic, because two women hardly ever make very good colleagues.

But to go back to Miss Richter. She had nothing to do with the acquisitions we were able to get from the Brummer pre-sale option. Miss Alexander was not terribly forceful. We had to make endless lists—that is to say, I had to make the lists, and Miss Alexander went over them. She wanted this, and she wanted that, and we had to give grades to everything—is this class A, or is it class B, or is it something that we can neglect? It was very, very boring to go through that endless process, because we ended up with exactly four objects.

SMITH: That you wanted, or that you just wound up with?

VON BOTHMER: They were on our list, yes, surely, but they represented a very small proportion of what we actually had wanted. There was an archaic terra-cotta head, probably of a sphinx, then there was one Cycladic [piece], the Harp Player, and the Endymion sarcophagus, and then the fourth item was a plastic proto-Corinthian parrot, or bird. Four items out of about twenty-five that we felt we absolutely had to



possess. Most of the objects that came to the museum from this pre-sale went to medieval art, for the very simple reason that Mr. John D. Rockefeller—whom I still remember, he died in the early sixties—gave the Cloisters \$10 million to buy at the sale. He felt it was indeed an opportunity, so Jim Rorimer, with Rockefeller money behind him, got the lion's share at that time.

Then came the public sale. Now, there hasn't been a sale like that since, to be sure. There have been sales that may have brought more money, but there has never been such a wealth of different objects, all available. We bought hardly anything at that sale, and of course we ran into a conflict, Miss Alexander and I, with Dorothy Kent Hill. She was head of the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore. Poor Miss Alexander, it almost brings tears to my eyes. She said, "Now Dietrich, you must learn one thing working in a museum. You don't bid against your colleagues in other museums." And I naively asked, "Why not?" She said, "Well, that will only drive the price up. What you do is you reach a gentleman's agreement before the sale."

Dorothy Hill had her mind set on a famous white-ground pyxis by the Sotheby Painter. She came to New York on a "fishing expedition" before the sale. She wanted to find out from Miss Alexander what she was going to buy. The two ladies were closeted in the office, and then I was called in to be informed of the "gentleman's agreement" that had been reached, and that will make you laugh. I cried at the time, but now of course I can laugh about it. Miss Alexander, being older than Dorothy

Hill, proposed to Dorothy, "Now here's what we do. We sit close to each other during the sale. Just when the item comes up, because we all may want to buy other things that will have exhausted our funds up to a point, we swap pieces of paper with the maximum figure that we are prepared to bid on this object which we both want, and the bidding should be done by the person who has written the highest figure on the piece of paper. That way we eliminate being bid up."

Well, I was in the row behind them, and I gave Miss Alexander the piece of paper with the exact figure of what money we had left to spend, you know, and it was \$2,150, or something like that. Dorothy Hill just closed her eyes and blithely put down \$12,000. She did the bidding and she got it of course, for half of what we had been able to pay. So much for a gentleman's agreement. Forgive me, I'm not going to malign either of them, they are both dead, but Dorothy Hill was ruthless. And of course Miss Alexander lived by the missionary standards to which she had been accustomed as the daughter of a Presbyterian minister in Tokyo. She had no idea of the market, she had no idea of what they call "the street." She wasn't a street fighter. The only consolation that I had on that occasion was that two of the items that Dorothy Hill bought, together with that priceless white-ground pyxis, I knew were fakes.

SMITH: How did you know they were fakes?

VON BOTHMER: Because I was a specialist even then in ceramics. They had not

figured on our list, obviously. One was a Negro head, of which I have five different examples, and the other was a quasi-Corinthian skyphos, which is a product of Shoe Lane in Athens, you know, the Odos Pandrosou establishment; there was a famous "Shoe Lane faker." But that is literally water over the dam.

I've given you a sketch of the dealers, and I'm coming back now to the collectors. Obviously, Mr. Gallatin bought rather sparingly and no longer in our field; Egyptian art was his love and he was very close to my brother Bernard, who helped him. Other than Gallatin and Walter Baker there were no new collectors arriving. Baker, having built up his collection largely through Brummer, and adding colossally to it by getting the bronze griffin head and various other things before the sale, was not that active anymore. Certain people arrived on the scene, and the most picturesque person to arrive was a Cuban by the name of Joaquín Gumá Herrera [later conde de Lagunillas], who came to the museum and wanted to have help with his collection. Now, in the old days, there was, I wouldn't say a racial prejudice, but there was a curious kind of snobbism that extended to our brethren below the border, and various other religions, if not nationalities. Dr. Joaquín Gumá was a Spanish Cuban, by which I mean he came from a distinguished Spanish family that had owned property in Cuba.

[Tape III, Side Two]

VON BOTHMER: Gumá, being ever the gentleman, came with flowers for Miss



Richter. Now, if you gave my wife flowers she would know exactly what to do with them; she grows them herself in our garden, but for Miss Richter flowers were an odd adjunct that needed watering and weren't quite so practical. She said, "Christine, what do I do with these flowers that this Cuban has just given me? Ah, I have an idea: Hetty Goldman is in the hospital and I have to see her at six o'clock. I'll take these flowers to Hetty Goldman." So Hetty Goldman, who had a brain tumor at that time, got the very expensive bouquet of flowers that Miss Richter received free of charge from Joaquín Gumá.

Gumá took an interest in ancient art; he really loved it. He loved it for a variety of reasons. For one thing, there was no ancient art in his native land of Cuba, and he felt that now, since he was supposedly rich, he could bring Cuba up to the level of great collecting of antiquities. We became very close friends, and then of course he inherited a Spanish title and you may know him better under the name Lagunillas—conde de Lagunillas and San Fernandino. He had all these wonderful titles and he said, "If another uncle dies, I'll be a grandee of Spain." Well, it didn't work out that way because in 1959 Cuba was taken over by you know whom.

I myself went at the invitation of the conde de Lagunillas to Havana in May of 1956 to give a lecture in Spanish, believe it or not, on his collection, which he had put on permanent loan in the Palacio de Bellas Artes in Havana. I was put up in a hotel right opposite the museum, which used to be the former market place; then it was a

kind of garage, with a spiral roadway, and that garage was turned into a museum and it was quite an impressive museum.

I arrived on a Cuban plane, Cubana Aviación, and of course I didn't speak a word of Spanish. Now I know a little bit more. When I got to Cuba, Lagunillas, who was chief of protocol under Batista, the last dictator before Castro in Cuba, met me with the air-conditioned Cadillac of the Cuban state department at the airport. But they had a different pecking order. It was "*pasaportes diplomáticos*." When you heard that, half the Cubans on the plane had diplomatic passports and dashed out. You know, they landed first, as it were, and went through customs first. Then it was "*otros Cubanos*" and the others left, and I was the last person to leave the plane. I had the advantage that my luggage, which I had checked, was easily identifiable. Then I was whisked off in that marvelous air-conditioned Cadillac; I had never been in an air-conditioned car before. I was put up in the hotel, and I went the next morning to the museum.

My lecture was supposed to be three days later, and what a mess those three days were: drinking rum, smoking cigars, painting the wall, installing vases, writing labels—a pell-mell of the first order. I took that opportunity, because I wanted to see what he had acquired in the meantime, of photographing some of the pieces. I cleaned the Berlin Painter's hydria of Herakles and Apollo fighting over the tripod, and I had a glorious time. In the meantime, my manuscript had been given to a



member of the Cuban state department to translate into Spanish. Lagunillas took me on a boat ride up and down the Cuban coast, and he had a Chinese cook on that yacht of his. Of course I had been in the tropics during the war, but in an American uniform and fighting the Japanese, but that was the tropics that I had never dreamed existed. It was beautiful. Then came the great day of the lecture. It was scheduled for 9:00 P.M. My hotel being opposite, of course that was very easy, I just crossed the street, but the door was still closed. I said to myself, "Now what have I done? Did I get the date wrong?" You see, the janitor didn't come until 9:15, and the first guest didn't arrive until 10:00. The opening was supposed to be after my lecture and my lecture didn't begin until 10:30, when they had filled the room halfway.

I looked for the famous condesa, the wife of Lagunillas, and he said, "Oh, I don't know, she may not be well today," or something like that. Then I saw some of the vases that I had seen before they came to Havana, and there were several that were broken, and put together rather clumsily. And I asked Joaquín, "How did this happen?" He said, "Oh, a cat must have gotten into them on the shelf." Well, it was the condesa. When she was *en colère*, she would pick up a vase and throw it at her husband, and if he didn't catch it, of course it fell on the floor and broke. So that is the background. In the last days of preparation, every Cuban lady of note went to the museum, just brushing the guards aside to look not at the objects, but to look at the color of the walls, because they were going to dress in clothing that would not clash



with the color on the walls. That's a very sound precaution that one takes if one is in society.

When I gave my lecture, the projectionist conked out halfway through. The one who replaced him put all the slides left and right reversed, and I couldn't possibly explain in my nonexistent Spanish what to do, so I just changed my text. Instead of saying "Athena on the left," I said "Athena on the right," and nobody realized that they were all left-handed. Spanish being a very elegant and very lengthy language, my lecture, which would have been exactly fifty-five minutes if I had delivered it in English, turned into an hour and a half. Of course there was great excitement and applause. Then I was under fire, because the good Cubans began to ask me questions, to which I replied in my best English, having lectured now for an hour and a half with an almost perfect Spanish accent, "I'm sorry, but I don't speak Spanish." Well, then I got a round of applause and great laughter, and people began to interpret for me. It was shortly before midnight when we went upstairs to open the exhibition. There were some pictures taken which were quite hilarious.

Suddenly, at the stroke of midnight, the condesa appeared, and the person who was most surprised was her husband. He said, "My dear, you are here. You have recovered, you could make it." And she just blurted out, "Well, it was such a boring evening, I wanted to play canasta. I called up all my friends, and every time I called a house the butler told me, 'But *señora* has gone to the museum for the great



reception.'" So she begrudgingly had to go to where her society people were. Then she turned to me, and said, "I'm so proud of Joaquín. Look at these marvelous objects that he has been able to acquire. For that I am very grateful to you." Now, of course, that was two years before Castro, and you may want to know what happened to Lagunillas. Are you interested?

SMITH: Sure.

VON BOTHMER: His wife went to the bank, grabbed all her jewels, took the same plane with Batista and fled to Miami. Their son was in a Catholic school in America. He is now a lawyer in Washington. Lagunillas stayed happily behind. He got paid \$1 for every \$1,000 that he had. He gave up his palace on Avenida Quinta and took the apartment of his former janitor in the palacio. He found a beautiful girl of the laboring class, with whom he lived, as they say, in sin, happily ever after. He didn't mind the loss because he was not a political figure. The only [way] a man with such noble pretensions as Lagunillas could flourish under Batista was as chief of protocol; he had nothing to do with the dictatorship of Batista. On the other hand, he was not a revolutionary and could not be blamed for not having been in the hills of Cuba with Castro.

So he survived quite well. The only thing that suffered, in a sense, was his collection. The last shipment of his vases that would have arrived from Switzerland arrived at the airport in Havana in July of 1956 at a time when the Castro rebels were



importing explosives for their secret army in the hills. The explosives and the weapons and the ammunition exploded in the airport in Havana just before Lagunillas could have retrieved from a shed at the airport the case consigned to him by Herbert Cahn in Basel. Those vases were all smashed and burned in the fire, but Lagunillas had the wisdom to pick up all the sherds; the two important ones have since been refired and put together, and the gaps are not too overwhelming. Then of course collecting was finished, but Lagunillas was able to retrieve a few pieces from the museum—you know the Latin American fashion of a bit of bribery on the side—and consigned them to [Leo] Mildenberg in Zürich, who sold them through that outfit in Luzern, *Ars Antiqua*. So some of the pieces were salvaged, and we had some pieces on loan in this museum which were then given to us by Lagunillas.

SMITH: The Cuban government didn't claim them?

VON BOTHMER: No, you see, the Cuban government did not claim anything, because those vases that were officially in the museum were to be given to Cuba by the count after a long period of loan.

There is another lovely anecdote about Cuba. Lagunillas wanted me to write the catalog of his collection, and to have a *corpus vasorum* fascicle. There was a slight complication because no country can have a *corpus vasorum* unless that country has an academy, and that academy has to be accredited with the Union Académique Internationale. Lagunillas asked me to talk to [A. Alfred] Merlin in the



Louvre, and I visited Merlin, who was in the Institut de France. He was the titular head of the *Corpus Vasorum Antiquorum*. When I explained Lagunillas's difficulties regarding a *corpus vasorum* in the international series, Merlin said to me, "Ah, je comprends mal vos difficultés. Le Cuba c'est pas Américain, hein?" Of course he had thought, like so many French people who don't travel to America, that every island we had conquered in the Spanish American War would automatically be American. So I explained to him, alas, no, and then Lagunillas said, "Well, in that case Dietrich, let me found an academy in Cuba." Of course it came to naught, because then came the revolution. But he did create sufficient interest in Cuba for antiquity.

A learned person who had been a teacher of Greek at a local school in Havana, Maria Castro got her degree in East Berlin under the communists with a dissertation written on the collection of Lagunillas in Havana. I met that particular lady in Berlin as a matter of fact. She has begged me to go back to Cuba, but I have no interest, because in the meantime, someone else has horned in: [Adrienne] Lezzi-Hafter. Lezzi-Hafter asked me for the address of Lagunillas, and I said, "Aren't you lucky that you can write him. In America we don't even have postal relations with Cuba." So I gave her the address. Then she came to America, and there was not one word while she was visiting me in New York that she was going first to Malibu and from Malibu to Mexico, and from Mexico to Cuba. She had done it through the Swiss Embassy in Cuba and never left word with me. I would have loved to have



given her a letter to Joaquín and pictures of my family, or even a few reprints. But that is typical Swiss—very selfish. But then when she had been there she wrote me a letter and said thanks to the Swiss ambassador she was beautifully received, she met Lagunillas, and so on and so forth. Of course the full infamy didn't sink in until I got her bragging letter of what a wonderful time she had had in Cuba.

Then she started working on the publication of the collection. You know, it's quite a rarity for a Swiss in Zürich to have had an in with Cuba. There aren't many, and if so it wouldn't have been through archaeological [circles]. She enlisted the help of Ricardo Olmos, and in the meantime she had founded her little publishing house, Akanthos. Before I knew it, she told me that since I could not publish the collection of Lagunillas, she would very much like me to write a preface to this catalog that she, with Olmos, behind my back, had prepared. And that I did, and afterwards, when we have a break, I will tell you how I indirectly got even with her. She said in her introduction that I very graciously surrendered her material because I was unable to publish, or to finish my work, as if I was a schoolboy who got the whooping cough and couldn't deliver his homework. [interruption]

It's a great handicap of course being born German and being born at the time when I was born, but I have always tried to make the most of everything, and of course to me, the only thing that is of value to salvage is something that has either some academic importance or at least is entertaining. The rest of it is purely archival.



Who cares how much money who had at what time? Do you know what I mean? And how many illegitimate children he had. I mean, that's not my interest in history. I had the great advantage of growing up in a family where tradition mattered. My grandfather, for instance, told me of the siege of Paris, because he had been a volunteer at the age of seventeen, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. When he got compassionate leave to go home to visit his parents in Weimar, do you know what he did instead of going home?

SMITH: What?

VON BOTHMER: He took off his uniform, disguised himself as a baker's assistant, and visited Paris during the siege—without spying or anything, he just wanted to see Paris. He spoke French fluently. You know, it was the spirit of adventure of a young boy. When his time was up he rejoined his outfit outside Paris. He took another vacation, allegedly again to visit his parents in Weimar; instead he went to Calais and took the boat to England and saw England on his own. Now that is the nineteenth century for you. Today people like that would be shot immediately for espionage, like those poor Americans in Iraq who missed the turning point in the desert; once they went over that ditch they couldn't possibly have known where they were unless they had a compass.

There is another thing I learned as a child, something that I really treasured. I'll go back to the Napoleonic wars for a moment. As you know, Napoleon had



conquered half of Europe, and there were those who had to fight in the Napoleonic army and those who fought against Napoleon. One of our cousins on my mother's side was a descendant of an officer who had fought under Napoleon in the Peninsular War against Wellington. I was taught by my grandfather always to read out loud so as to improve my reading and also my pronunciation. I was reading a book on Andreas Hofer, who was an Austrian independence fighter in the war against Napoleon, and my grandfather said, "Dietrich, tomorrow my cousin Hermann is coming from Würzburg. His grandfather fought under Napoleon. Can't you find another book from which to read, because I don't want to offend his feelings." This was the infinite tact of the nineteenth century. You know, we have totally lost that kind of tact in our age. So I had to stop reading that fascinating book on Andreas Hofer. I learned later that he was executed by the French, but my grandfather had the foresight to realize that possibly cousin Hermann might be offended because of the anti-Napoleonic sentiments expressed in such a book. Now that was ingrained in me at the very tender age of eleven. Those are things that one remembers, and one also becomes sensitive for the different feelings people have.

Going back to collectors: Lagunillas I have done justice to. I will say that after the embargo was lifted I was able to send him all my books, and then he died, and he died a reasonably happy man. The only person who got really the short shrift of all of that was Maria Castro, because she wasn't even acknowledged by Lezzi-



Hafter and Olmos. But that's their business. In my introduction to the Lagunillas catalog I quote from a letter in which Lagunillas characterized Adrienne Lezzi-Hafter beautifully, although in somewhat incorrect English: "She is a beautiful character with an extraordinary sense for very small detail." Adrienne didn't want me to print it. I got a long-distance telephone call when I was in Paris from Zürich, and she said that her husband had asked her whether I couldn't leave out that paragraph. I simply said, "Oh no, Adrienne; this puts the picture correctly, and on top of that it shows what a marvelous impression you made on Lagunillas. Wouldn't you like the personal touch in the book? Either you take that or you don't print my introduction at all." So she accepted my introduction with that coda, which was harmless, perfectly harmless. Lagunillas didn't say anything nasty, but it is such a fitting description for many an archaeologist, if I may say it in the confidence of this room to you and your tape.

Now for other collectors. There was Christos Bastis, who was a Greek, born in 1903. He was the youngest of several brothers growing up in Volos. When his father died his older brothers were already married, and his father had an export-import business and what one calls in Greece, a store. A store simply means that you have an established place of business; it's an emporium, it doesn't mean that you have to sell the objects. One day Bastis wanted a new suit—that must have been in 1922 or '23—so he goes to the bookkeeper and asks for some money to be advanced to him so he could buy a suit. The bookkeeper said, "Mr. Christos, I have to take that

money out of your salary." And Christos said, "What? I am not a co-owner of the store?" The storekeeper said, "No, your father didn't mention you in the will. You don't have any share in the store." That made Christos mad, as only young people can get mad, and he went to all his sisters-in-law and begged for money, and went to his mother, who spoiled him a bit, until he had enough money to book passage to America.

There was only one little problem. The Greeks were at war with Turkey at that time, and Bastis was of military age. He was desperately afraid that the Greeks would not give him an exit permit from Greece on a boat to America. As luck would have it, he ran into a classmate of his from Volos who was being demobilized because he had been wounded in the war against the Turks. His classmate said, "Chris, that's no problem, take my passport." So Bastis entered America under a totally different name. You see, the quota system and all that didn't come into being until 1924. He was met on arrival in New York by another distant relative who gave him money and bought him a ticket to Cedar Rapids, where he had to work in a candy factory for a Greek who lived there. When he got there, all black from the steam locomotives, he saw Cedar Rapids and said, "Is this what I came to America for?" But he realized that you have to take your luck as it comes, and in the candy factory he ran into another Greek who said, "You are a smart boy. Why don't you come and work for me in New York, I have a restaurant there."



That's all Chris Bastis wanted to hear. He had saved up his salary. He didn't have to send any money home because he had no financial interest in his father's business. His brothers, who were the rich owners of the store, could look after his mother, and he felt he had no [familial] responsibilities. Bastis came to New York, but that poor man [who had offered him work] in the meantime had either died or gone back to Greece, and Bastis had to get a job. He looked at the want ad pages in the newspapers and he applied for a job in a restaurant. He was given a tuxedo to wear, and he thought that was a little funny because he hadn't wanted anything that elegant. When the dining hour came, he had to pass the menus around and then take the orders. To his horror he realized it was a French restaurant, and he didn't know a word of French. He couldn't possibly write down the orders. So he raced back to the kitchen and changed from his tuxedo into his normal clothes and walked all the way up to the upper west side where he lived. Then he found a job with another Greek who had a Greek restaurant on Fourteenth Street, and there he became a valued partner and a real American. He went back to Greece and when he [returned], shortly before the war, he had saved up enough money to open his own restaurant, and that was his real success. It was Seafare of the Aegean, in Greenwich Village, on Eighth Street, and then he opened another Seafare, which he baptized Seafare of Sutton Place, on First Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street.

During the war, Bastis befriended other Greeks, including a Greek dealer by

the name of Segredakis, who was stationed in Paris. He had the wisdom to leave Paris during the phony war and he came to America with a suitcase filled with antiquities. Chris Bastis met Segredakis in his restaurant. From time to time Segredakis needed money, and he didn't want to go to the Greek shipowners, who were proverbially stingy. So Chris advanced him money, and from time to time he got an antiquity from Segredakis, who, having gotten rid of the stock he had brought from Paris, began to buy at auctions in New York.

Segredakis was a regular dealer, but he never made an awful lot of money in America. When he went back to Paris in 1945, he selected a nephew whose name is Nicolas Koutoulakis to work for him and to run the store. And then Segredakis died of appendicitis in Crete—they all came from Crete. So suddenly Koutoulakis was the owner of the shop in Paris, and the first thing he did was to find out to whom his uncle owed money. You know, there is the famous saying, The Cretans are the most honest Greeks there are. You have heard that, haven't you? They are men of honor. They of course were the last section of Greece to shake off the Turkish yoke, so they are the ones that had the great long-going rebellion against the Turks. There was real heroism in Crete. They fought a rearguard action, but still they won in the end. So Koutoulakis came to America in 1948—I still remember, because I had met him in Paris in 1947—and he came with a list of all the people that he wanted to repay. It was Ernest Brummer who took Koutoulakis under his wing at that time and said,

"Niko, you don't owe these people anything. It was your uncle who made the debt. You will make a very poor businessman if you start repaying debts. That's not done in our business." But Koutoulakis said, "I'm a Cretan, and I'm proud of being a Cretan and I want to repay the debts."

Koutoulakis was received with Greek hospitality by Chris Bastis, who lived in a nice apartment on First Avenue. While Koutoulakis was there he saw with astonishment that Bastis was not a Greek shipowner but a working man with a restaurant, who didn't put on any airs. On top of that he had quite a collection. From Chris Bastis's place, Koutoulakis telephoned me in the museum and said, "You must come and see Mr. Bastis, because I've just gone there to repay my debts and he has quite a collection of vases that will interest you." Miss Alexander was away in her beloved Adirondacks. I went to see Bastis and was very well received, and the first thing I spotted among the vases was a long lost Chalcidian oinochoe by the Phineus Painter. I persuaded Mr. Bastis to lend this oinochoe, because we had barely any Chalcidian in the Metropolitan Museum, and I was acutely aware of our weaknesses and our strengths.

Then Miss Alexander came back from her Adirondacks and she discovered that in her absence, although nominally in charge, I had actually filled out a loan form and accepted a loan from a man to whom she had not been introduced. I said, "He's a wonderful man, Miss Alexander. You'll love him; he has a fish restaurant." And she



said, "We don't accept loans from fishmongers." Well, I've survived that epithet and so has Mr. Bastis, who is now ninety-two or ninety-three years old and divides his time between Florida and New York. He sold all his fish restaurants and made a killing on the sale, because he had also bought the building above the restaurant on Fifty-seventh Street. He gave the restaurant to his loyal staff, who promptly ran it into the ground in six months and went bankrupt. In spite of his advanced years and in spite of his age and money, Bastis went personally to the Fulton Street fish market every morning at five o'clock to pick the best fish. His successors in the business got it from someone else. Of course a reputation can be ruined in less time than it takes to build it up.

I worked on Bastis's collection and we became very good friends. There was a man who never hesitated. Without any academic background, when he liked an object he bought it. To give you a different insight into collecting, that to me has always been the only way you really collect.

LYONS: How would you characterize his taste, or predilections, though?

VON BOTHMER: Well, a man like Leon Levy, who is a partner in Odyssey Partners, and one of the richest people in the land, will buy a representation of Odysseus, because he's an Odyssey partner. Chris Bastis did not specialize in fish plates, but he really had an interest in ancient art, and he loved vases because they don't take up so much space; they are not heavy, which is a very important



consideration for collectors. If you need four men to move a marble altar, like the one in the Leon Levy collection . . . there is such a thing as buying not only what pleases you but also what you can handle.

In my [opinion] the vases that Chris Bastis bought weren't all of top quality, but with vases you can't get enough, and that is the wonderful thing about them. There are far more vases available than there are Greek originals of the sixth century in marble. There are far more vases available that you can put on your piano or on your bookshelves that don't need extra work, like pedestals. Also, vases tell you a story. I have yet to find a Greek who is not passionately interested in the mythology of his forefathers. Vases provide a more direct way of identifying, even in scenes of daily life or something that is slightly erotic, with what is represented in Greek art; whereas, if you go in for Roman portraits you have to know exactly which emperor is [being portrayed], and then you have to know what kind of an emperor he was. That requires an almost historical differentiation between the good guys and the bad guys, and various other things. Of course, you wouldn't know who was a cruel emperor and who was a good emperor just by looking at the portrait.

In Leon Levy's collection, that really was his interest. He began collecting Roman portraits because he had read Suetonius and Tacitus. He knew something about Roman emperors; they loomed very large in his imagination. So he wanted to have a portrait of Hadrian, and Caracalla, and what have you. But that is a different



way of collecting. Even if you gave me all week, I couldn't possibly put the different collecting instincts on a common denominator. The only thing collectors have in common is that they normally love their objects.

To revert to Walter Baker for one moment, he had a marvelous system. His first wife was a Woolworth's heiress, May Case. Baker started humbly in a bank and rose to become vice president of the Guaranty Trust, before the bank merger that made it Morgan Guaranty Trust. He had an office on Madison Avenue and it was within walking distance of his apartment at 555 Park Avenue, which had English paneling and all the accoutrements that money at that time—I'm speaking about the late 1920s—could buy. And here I have a good story that is not recalled in anything people have said about Walter Baker, namely, how did he become a collector? One day May Case said, "Walter, we have this marvelous apartment on Park Avenue, and we have a wonderful Irish cook. We give good dinner parties, and you do know some important people that we can invite for dinner, but us ladies find it very difficult to have any real gossip after dinner when you gentlemen retire to your library. You always come back far too soon. You should start a collection, and then you'd take the boys into your library and show them what you have bought recently and you tell them something about the collection." Walter Baker, ever the agreeable husband, said, "May, I think that's a brilliant idea." He put himself into the hands of one lady who promptly sold him some Etruscan armor. But that was just the beginning. Then



he addressed himself to Miss Richter, who took him under her wing and said, "Now, Mr. Baker, there are only two or three people in New York from whom one buys."

[Tape IV, Side One]

VON BOTHMER: Every [year], Baker went to Joe Brummer's and selected an object to give May for her birthday, and May did the same for him. Then they gave each other antiquities on their wedding anniversary, and of course there was Christmas. So there were six purchases each year. Baker began to specialize in bronzes because they were small and they could fit into his armoire, which was English of the eighteenth century, I believe, and he had lights installed. He did indeed arrange it in such a way that it was of interest to his guests at dinner parties. And then May died—I still remember her—and thereby hangs another little tale.

Baker remarried in 1952 or '53 because he just got sick and tired of having every ambitious academic lady run after him. Agnes Mongan of the Fogg [Art Museum], for instance, introduced him to collecting drawings and she hoped that he would marry her. Miss Alexander, my boss, and that was embarrassing to me, had a fleeting crush on him—not an affair, perish the thought, she was much too virtuous for that, but a period in her life, in 1949, when she felt that it would not be totally wrong if the curator of the department married a trustee. Of course she was flattered when Walter Baker invited her to go to Runnymede in his Rolls. The Rolls was sent to England every year ahead of time to be looked after, and then Baker would take

the next boat and be met at the docks in Southampton by his chauffeur and the Rolls. He invited Miss Alexander to go to Hampton Court and various other places that one visits in England. It was a kind of old-fashioned Rolls where you had a hamper in the trunk compartment, and you could spread out the steamer rug and have a picnic.

When Miss Alexander came back that summer, I thought, "Heavens. Now two things can happen. Instead of having only one boss I will suddenly end up having two bosses, namely, Walter Baker and Miss Alexander; or"—and there was a faint hope of that—"Miss Alexander will abandon archaeology and then the two of them will have to look for a successor." In which case I would have had to start all over again, because what if they found someone more suitable? Especially after my terrible gaffe with Miss Alexander [over Mr. Bastis's loan]. Mr Bastis, I might add, has been not only a loyal friend to me, but a loyal friend to the Museum. When there was an exhibition in his honor not so long ago, he actually honored the pledge of giving us a fine object. The Castle Ashby stamnos by the Berlin Painter was given by him in my honor.

This was a period in my life when I really trembled, '49, because my relations with Francis Henry Taylor, the director of the museum, were not the best. He had hired me on impulse, and he soon tired of his impulse; it wasn't easy. But Baker did not marry Agnes Mongan, or Miss Alexander, although the two ladies being roughly the same age went to the hairdresser for the first time and really tried to be as elegant



as money could buy. Instead Baker married a divorced woman without children, the daughter of an admiral from Texas whom he met skiing in St. Moritz. That was the famous Lois Baker. Lois Baker didn't like antiquities, because one could not display them. She encouraged Walter to buy more and more drawings, because it was one of those apartments where you had a long corridor, and one could hang them on the walls. Paintings needed special lights, and besides, some of them needed to be cleaned, but drawings to Lois were the absolute limit. So Walter stopped buying antiquities. I don't think he bought a single antiquity after he married Lois, because she wouldn't approve of it.

Lois went to the Philharmonic every Friday afternoon, and if one wanted to study an object in the Baker collection, that was the best time. Walter by that time could keep his banker's hours and didn't have to go back to the bank on Friday afternoon. One day he had invited me to rearrange his collection of silver that was on open shelves—no vitrines for the Baker household—above the sofa in the living room. I came at the appointed hour, and we took off our shoes, climbed on the sofa in our stocking feet, and began rearranging the silver. Suddenly the door opened and Lois appeared. The concert had been cancelled. Never have I seen a hen-pecked husband put on his shoes in such a hurry, and they had to be laced too; I was still struggling with my shoelaces when he was finished. He said, "Oh Lois, how nice to see you. What happened?" Of course she explained about the concert, but all she



could say was, "My, my, what you boys do when I leave the house." Very embarrassing. That was practically the last time I handled an antiquity in Walter Baker's apartment.

Then Baker had a series of strokes; he lived until 1972. It was really pathetic because every time one felt he had halfway recovered, he had another stroke. I was already married, and he had very much wanted to meet my wife, and so Joyce and I went to have tea with Walter and Lois Baker. Walter began to reminisce. He was in his wheelchair with a steamer rug over his knees, and he was trembling a little. He paid no attention to Lois, who was entertaining the other guests, and he said in a very audible voice, "Of course Dietrich, your museum will get all my antiquities, because Lois had nothing to do with that part of my collection. That I did before I married Lois." I was happy to be reassured that Lois had not succeeded in changing his will.

During the time when Walter was sick, he was badly treated by [Thomas] Hoving. Hoving gave orders not to send invitations any longer to Walter Baker, who was a vice president of the museum, mind you. Baker was not kept informed of anything that went on because that is how Hoving ran his high command, but Walter was far from decrepit. Lois Baker suffered because one of the reasons she married Walter was because he was a vice president of the Metropolitan Museum. She, as a girl born in Texas, didn't know that many people in New York, but she knew that one could meet people by subscribing to the Philharmonic and attending openings at the

Metropolitan Museum. When they no longer got notices for openings at the museum, Walter Baker did change his will. The money went to Lois, the collection of antiquities went to us, and the drawings were to be a life interest for Lois. In other words, he wasn't going to disturb the apartment. Relations were a little strained, because (a) I didn't get along with Hoving, and (b) Lois had never quite liked the interest that I shared with her husband, namely antiquities. Now, if I had been in drawings, like Jacob Bean, that would have been a different matter, because drawings are easy; you read the label and you know who did it. But antiquity was all Greek to Lois.

The day came when we were supposed to get Baker's collection of antiquities. We were ready with a station wagon and the packers and all that, and Lois put up a fight. She said, "But you can't take that, that's part of the drawing room. You can't take my Aphrodite because I have her in the little foyer outside the elevator. You don't expect me to completely redecorate the apartment! You can have everything that is in his library." So we had to leave major pieces of the Walter Baker collection in his apartment, and Hoving was only too glad to accommodate Lois because with her life interest in the drawings, he wanted to stay on the best of terms with her so that we could get the drawings without a hitch.

I was packing what had to be packed, and I remember Lois going to the back room. I see it as if it had happened two weeks ago. I was there with the packers and

[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly a table of contents or a list of references, but the specific details cannot be discerned.]

she said, "Well, well Dietrich, you do take a lot don't you? What will I put in this armoire?" And then there was one piece missing, and that bothered me. I had the bright idea of asking the butler if he had seen the Cycladic silver dish that used to be in the armoire. He said, "Oh, sir, that I have put with the family silver of course. I faithfully clean it every Friday." A Cycladic dish of the third millennium. Of course it came to us because we have the *pendant*, and the two of them had been found together. Miss Richter had allowed Baker to buy the one while we bought the other one. So we got it, but Lois Baker was very, very difficult.

When Lois Baker died, the time came to collect the drawings, which Jacob Bean did in no time at all, because you go down the corridor and take them all down and put them in a box and they are then put into the station wagon. I had to get the antiques, and I was received by the niece of Lois Baker, a Texas girl, who gave me the most beautiful reception you can imagine. She said, "May I call you Dietrich? You know in Texas we use first names." She said, "Please tell me more about Uncle Walter. I was always so intimidated by him, but then he had such a friendly twinkle in his eyes. Tell me more about him." And she said, "You know, my aunt used to give me all her cast-off Dior dresses, and of course she had forgotten that I was smaller than she and I couldn't wear any of them." I got all the intimate details of what a trip to New York to visit Uncle Walter and Aunt Lois meant, and then she said, "Tell me, is it true that Uncle Walter had been married before?" I said, "Yes, I knew his first



wife." She said, "Were they divorced?" I said, "No, she died." Then she said, "Now Dietrich, perhaps you can help me. Guess what I have found in the bottom of the linen closet? A framed picture of a beautiful lady. Would you by any chance know who that was?" I said, "Yes, that was the first Mrs. Baker." She asked where it was in the apartment and I said it was on his night table in his bedroom. She said, "Well, Aunt Lois must have hidden it after he died." And I said, "I'm afraid she probably did." And then she did something very charming. She said, "You know, Dietrich, since you knew her I want you to have that picture."

I'm telling you all this to fill you in on the human aspect and what goes into not only being nice to a collector, but assuring that the collection will not be sold or given to another institution; a lot of my effort as a curator has gone into that. Dealers come and go, but collectors are hot-house cultures; they have to be properly watered and nursed along. I regret that some dealers have had a hard time and have lost their property through war or revolution, but collectors are really our parish, if you wish. And that is why—and here I make an unkind remark about the rival institution on the west coast—the Getty will never have a community around it. It has no parish. It's like being enthroned in the Vatican; the faithful may go there, but you don't fulfill the functions of a parish priest. Isn't that correctly put?

LYONS: That's true.

VON BOTHMER: Of course, since you don't accept contributions of money from



people, you have literally cut yourself off from that marvelous and salutary constant give and take that one has if one lives in a community. In explaining my relations with collectors, I have given you examples of those with whom I have been on very friendly terms, as you can gather.

SMITH: Was Mr. Baker at all scholarly in his approach to collecting?

VON BOTHMER: Mr. Baker was not a scholar. You have asked a very important question. If there is one thing I learned not to do, it is to try to be the professor when I'm confronted with a collector, because it's difficult enough to make them persevere on the purely amateur level in collecting. You should not make the mistake of thinking that you can make a scholar out of a collector. Conversely, there are collectors who pretend to be scholars. There is one who can no longer count as a collector, because his collection is now in Tampa, Florida. He has given me more headaches than many a collector who had no scholarly hang-ups or pretensions.

SMITH: This must be Joseph [V.] Noble that you're referring to.

VON BOTHMER: You mention the name, yes. I tell you it has become a bit of an embarrassment to me. I'm glad you bring him up, because there's a man who became a collector purely by accident. Do you know the story of how he became a collector?

SMITH: No, I don't actually.

VON BOTHMER: He lived in Maplewood, New Jersey, and he attended auction sales in New York because he had just moved into a new home, and he wanted to buy



some American furniture that would go with the standards of Maplewood. He bought a cabinet and put it in his car, and when he got back to Maplewood he began to open the drawers and in one drawer he found a Syracusan dekadrachm. So he haunted the auction houses of Parke-Bernet and opened every drawer of every piece of furniture that was for sale, because he thought that lightning exceptionally would strike twice, but it didn't. But in one of the auctions of furniture that he attended, a Greek vase was thrown in, which was the ^{name} ~~main~~ piece of the Maplewood Painter, and that he got for a \$150 or \$190, because nobody who collected vases attended a sale of that nature.

With that piece in hand, and a few other little things that he had picked up at another sale, Noble made the rounds of the dealers in New York in order to get in touch with a scholar. He did have the right instincts. I was in Europe at that time, the fall of 1953, writing my Amazon book [*Amazons in Greek Art*]. Noble had written a letter to Miss Alexander. She, in her usual offhand manner, referred this totally unknown Joseph V. Noble to Miss Margarete Bieber, who always had students who could help him. That is not what Mr. Noble wanted. By looking at the index of American art dealers, Mr. Noble got hold of Lucien Morley, a wonderful dealer who was a *marchand amateur* if you wish, and a German refugee.

Morley's father's name was Sigmund Morgenroth. Morgenroth was head of A. E. G. [Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft], the electrical company in Frankfurt,

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the specific results of the work.

2. The second part of the report deals with the specific results of the work. It is divided into three main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work in the field of agriculture, the second section deals with the results of the work in the field of industry, and the third section deals with the results of the work in the field of commerce.

3. The third part of the report deals with the conclusions of the work. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the conclusions of the work in the field of agriculture, and the second section deals with the conclusions of the work in the field of industry and commerce.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the recommendations of the work. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the recommendations of the work in the field of agriculture, and the second section deals with the recommendations of the work in the field of industry and commerce.

Germany, and being Jewish, he saw to it that his family was taken care of. He sent his son Lucien with money to Switzerland when it was still possible, and it was Sigmund Morgenroth who financed the parent company of Herbert Cahn in Basel, called Münzhandlung Basel. Coins could be easily transported across the frontier between Switzerland and Germany. With a couple of Greek coins in your hip pocket nobody would stop you at the frontier and you could turn that into money.

Lucien, who wasn't called Lucien then, nor Morley, was the senior partner in the coin company. He had the good instinct to come to America. He thought the war would end in utter chaos and destruction, and he wanted the Cahns to follow him to America, but they had perhaps the greater trading instincts and stayed behind in Switzerland. Morley was very disappointed because he had been a partner, thanks to his father, who was safely living in Santa Barbara at that time, and he had enjoyed working with the Cahn brothers. But the Cahns dissolved the company and founded a new company called Münzen und Medaillen—Monnaies et Médailles—and they bought out Lucien Morley. So Lucien Morley in many ways did not profit from the enormous interest in classical antiquities that had arisen in Switzerland after the war, and he always felt a little miffed at the Cahns.

But to go back to Morley and Noble—Noble goes to Morley with his album, like a model showing her legs, and says, "Here's my collection." Morley took one look at the subject of the Maplewood Painter's vase and said, "Oh, that's an Amazon



on horseback, I know just the man for you: Dietrich von Bothmer. He's at the Metropolitan Museum and he is writing a book on Amazons. He will be vastly interested in this Attic column-krater," as Morley called it.

When I had come back from Europe on December 1, 1953, and was busy finishing my Amazon book, I got a call from Mr. Noble, who asked if he could come and visit me. I, being always brutally open and frank with collectors said, "Two things Mr. Noble: (a) it's not an Attic column-krater, it's South Italian, and (b) this is not an Amazon but she's wearing the typical Oscan armor that you get on South Italian vases." Noble then said, "Even if it isn't Attic, are there Attic vases for sale?" Well, that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship—would you believe it, having to quote the end of *Casablanca*. So we went off into the horizon, and then began a long association with Joseph Noble, from '53 to '55 and beyond, in which he collected following my advice. He is one of the few collectors of whom I can say I had a hand in forming his collection. Walter Baker's collection was already made, Albert Gallatin's had already been sold to the Metropolitan Museum, and with many another person I never got close enough to really override their instincts, like Bastis. With him it was hit or miss, but he picked good pieces from time to time. I didn't try to teach Bastis anything other than the difference between right and wrong, because it's *de gustibus non est disputand^um*, in Latin.

In Noble I had a willing pupil; he read, he subscribed to the *AJA*. He didn't

know foreign languages, but later in life he had someone come to give him French lessons during his lunch hour when he worked for the museum. In many ways he was the model of an American who had every intention of rising to the top. He had had not a deprived childhood, but a poor one. He had supported his father, a dentist who fell on hard times during the Depression, by developing a talent for photography. He took all the class pictures of his high school in Philadelphia. He had one year or two years at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, where he studied anthropology and met his first wife, who was an anthropologist and a little older than he. Then he went into the army and joined the Signal Corps, because he was a photographer. He photographed Churchill and Roosevelt at Ottawa. He also went into television. When I met him he was a partner in [an industrial] film company called Film Counselors, on Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.

We established a routine, Joe Noble and I. One week he would come to the museum and I would introduce him to more photographs, to more objects, and the next week I would have dinner with him at a French restaurant on Forty-seventh Street, because he didn't want to be too far away from his car, since he commuted to Maplewood. It was very normal and very rewarding in many ways because I could see how in those wonderful years of the 1950s one could still with some money build up quite an impressive collection—and a representative one. You know, one Boetian piece, one Laconian, one Chalcidian, one black figure, one red figure, another South



Italian. As opportunity arose, Noble collected more and more.

Noble then began to develop his interest in technique, and now I am moving ahead. He had come to the crossroads of his life and career, because to go ahead as a film counselor for these industrial movies he realized he would have to go to Hollywood, and being a very church-going Methodist he didn't want to have his young family corrupted by California. At that very moment, Mr. Rorimer had succeeded Mr. Taylor as director of the Metropolitan Museum, and I brought the two together. Mr. Rorimer was so impressed by the technical know-how of Joe Noble that he hired him in September 1956 as his operating administrator. There he was, in charge of all the shops and all the other things, based on his intimate knowledge of carpentry and what kind of paint to get for the paint shop—all these technical things where he had common sense and was a good colleague.

Then Noble rediscovered the wheel, as I jokingly said. He went through the process of how Attic pottery was made and then he used this knowledge. I gave him references to [Theodor] Schumann's articles and translated them because he didn't read any German. He worked on glazes, and then he worked with me on Etruscan warriors and we collaborated on a publication of that ["An Inquiry Into the Forgery of the Etruscan Terracotta Warriors in the Metropolitan Museum of Art," *The Metropolitan Museum of Art Papers*, No.11 (1961)]. Noble became a very powerful person in the museum after the death of Mr. Rorimer because he represented, if



nothing else, continuity. I was always a little embarrassed by his running for higher office, for instance, in the Archaeological Institute of America, for which he was a disastrous treasurer. I was also a little embarrassed by his giving lectures in garden clubs about ancient Greek pottery. I was even a little embarrassed by the first edition of his book, *The Technique of Greek Pottery*, because, and this I can say without exaggeration, it would not have been publishable if I had not vetted every page in it and supplied every reference. In the second edition he felt sufficiently advanced to actually dedicate the book to me; in the first edition I just got mentioned in the acknowledgments, but that's beside the point.

I had difficulties with Joe Noble's approach to the field. Like many a beginner he thought that there had to be an answer for every question, and in our field, I assure you, answers are not always easy to stipulate or to arrive at. Secondly, he became a kind of expert in areas where his expertise left much to be desired. What he did with our bronze horse was totally wrong. We had a bronze horse that had been acquired in 1924, and it was originally called late archaic, and then maybe transitional. Early in the mornings, Joe Noble would go with his passkey through our storerooms and through the galleries looking for candidates for possible forgeries. He saw what looked like a seam on the back of the horse, and he took that to be evidence that it had been done in sandcasting with two molds, whereas in reality the seam was a left-over coating of wax left when casts had been made of it for sale for reproductions.



Joe and I went to a foundry in Astoria to actually see how sandcasting was done, and then he insisted on pursuing the matter.

Mr. [Roland] Redmond [then president of the Metropolitan], after his wonderful triumph of having said the final word about the Etruscan warriors, gave us strict orders as president not to [publicize any more forgeries] while Miss Richter was living. I had the opposite reaction from Miss Richter. Everybody was trembling: "What will Miss Richter say now that it's known that the warriors published by her are forgeries?" I went to Rome to nail down the last surviving member of the gang who had made the warriors, and I remember Miss Richter, later, in her apartment taking off her glasses and saying, "Well, Dietrich, this is of course the saddest day in my life since my beloved sister, Irma, died, but as I told you in 1946 when you came aboard: Remember, it is truth we are after. I now see that these warriors are indeed forgeries." Then she was all gung ho to find out more: "Who are the people? I want to meet [Alfredo Adolfo] Fioravanti." And there was not an ounce of resentment, but that would not have been fully understood by her would-be friends or alleged friends in America.

I was originally excluded from the festschrift for Miss Richter because Mary Swindler and a few other people claimed that it would kill her to see me as a contributor. And then to their great surprise, all these people who shunned me like poison, saying that I had practically killed Miss Richter, brought a letter from her in



which she told Mary Swindler, "Isn't it marvelous now that the publication of the Etruscan warriors is out. I am so happy we have finally solved that problem." The word spread through the archaeological community, which has never quite understood curators anyway, that it was okay to talk to Dietrich again because Miss Richter approved.

Going back to Noble, he thought the horse was a forgery, and he also knew about Mr. Redmond's instructions not to present another object as a forgery while Miss Richter was living. Mr. Rorimer would have honored [these instructions], but he died in May of 1966, and here was Thomas Hoving, all ready to charge ahead with the new director. The first thing he did was he had the horse X-rayed exactly two weeks before I came back from my Guggenheim Fellowship, in the summer of 1966. He got Brian F. Cook, an obedient slave of his, to make the arrangement to take the horse off exhibition, and there was a mobile unit that took an X-ray. Once he had the X-ray, he thought he detected a sort of skeleton inside. Noble's mind was made up and nothing would shake it.

Then Hoving conducted a seminar on forgeries, because he was the kind of man who would make headlines by making a perfect purchase or by denouncing a perfect purchase as a perfect forgery. Noble persuaded Hoving, "Now let me present the horse; it will be a sensation." With his habitual tact he picked a day for that great meeting when I would be safely away in Boston attending the opening of the bronze



show organized by Hanfmann and David [Gordon] Mitten. When I opened my *New York Times*—I was still in Cambridge—I saw on the front page that Noble had demonstrated to an applauding public that our bronze horse was a "phony pony."

You can understand that while I agreed with Hoving that the horse was in all probability not of the transitional period, now we know that what you have on the inside is nothing but the core that had never been removed. That bronze horse, in my opinion, is of the second or first century B.C., and is one of the typical archaizing works done in that little known period during the Roman conquest of Greece when there was a great demand for works of art from Greece. Originally, our horse is supposed to have been found with the shipwreck of Madia, and we know a little bit about that. No dealer in France would have invented such a story of Madia if he had wanted to sell that horse as an archaic work. So that piece of evidence had to be valued not in terms of what you thought you saw on the surface; you had to weigh it carefully against all other ideas that were rampant at that time.

Noble then sold his collection to Tampa. He wrote me a letter after the sale bragging that he got \$1 million for his collection. That hurt me in only one aspect. He included in his sale to Tampa all the fragments I had given him on his birthday or Christmas. Sometimes in one's innocence or ignorance one thinks that a collector would at least honor things that had been given to him. He gave his library, including books with dedications from me to him, to Tampa, including my Amazon book,

which is totally out of print; I would have loved to have it back, or even to buy it back from him. So much for Mr. Noble.

Of those collectors that have since come up, I will mention one more person, and that is Walter Bareiss, who should be of interest to the Getty Center. I met him, incidentally, through Noble. Noble had a senior partner in Film Counsellors, who was actually close to Walter Bareiss, and through this senior partner I met Bareiss. He became a very good friend. Bareiss had a textile factory in Germany, [but] he was born in America and he went to Yale. After the war he went back to Europe and revitalized the factory. When worsted woolens were no longer in fashion, instead of switching to nylon and Dacron and all other artificial fibers, he specialized in knitting wool for home knitting, and the company prospered.

Bareiss loved Greek art, he loved collecting, and he [participated in] what were really the sunset years of decent collecting. He collected as late as 1970, or maybe at best '71, and brought together a marvelous collection of ancient vases, which was exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum in the summer of '68, together with his drawings. Now you had an interesting parallel between Walter Baker and Walter Bareiss. Bareiss collected modern drawings and ancient vases, and the two of them were shown together in this museum.

[Tape IV, Side Two]

VON BOTHMER: In October, 1972, J. P. Getty was still living in Sutton Place in



England. Jifi Frel [one of the curators at the Metropolitan] finally got traveling papers and a travel grant from the Metropolitan Museum to go to Greece. He stopped in at Sutton Place, and Mr. Getty sent him to Munich to look in on a Bronze statue that [Heinz] Herzer was offering him. Frel then came back before Christmas and told me that he had a terrible malady. He had ulcers and his doctor told him that he had to have a change of climate; New York was too close to the sea level. Two weeks later he told me that he had been appointed curator at the Getty Museum in Malibu, which was not yet opened. I said, "But you told me that you had to get away from the sea level." He said, "Well, there are mountains in California, aren't there?"

The whole thing was a farce because the doctor who wrote his affidavit about his having to change climates was actually the father of Susan, who was not his wife, but she changed her name to Frel when she was pregnant with his son. Then of course Frel finally married someone else, a wonderful person who is a saint by comparison. But Frel was responsible—and nobody will write that on his epitaph—for dangling the bait of the Getty in front of Walter Bareiss and his vases. They were partly in Munich, partly in Greenwich, where Bareiss had a house, and partly on loan to the Metropolitan Museum. They were all shipped to the Getty to be exhibited and to have a catalog written. And that is how the Getty got Andy [Andrew J.] Clark, because when they wanted a person to work on vases, I recommended Andy, who has been very grateful to me.



Walter Bareiss then told me that the Getty had made him an offer that he couldn't possibly resist, namely, that they would purchase his collection. I said, "Now look Walter, you are the godfather of my daughter Maria, you are a very good friend, and we have done a lot for you in the Metropolitan Museum. We have held your exhibition, which brought your collection to the attention of the learned community. All right, you need the money in order to establish a trust fund for your children, but I would like to reserve the privilege of selecting twelve vases or so that will come as your gift to the Metropolitan Museum." That request was not honored because the lawyers of the Getty told Walter Bareiss, "We will only buy your collection if you sell all of it to us." So there is a slight area of misunderstanding. I am not vindictive, but I am a little sorry because it has happened too often in my life that people that I thought were faithful parishioners, with their own private pew, then turned to do something on a bigger or different scale. In the case of the Getty, of course it has been an odd thing to begin with, because I know they wanted to grow up in a hurry; that's perfectly normal when you are that young.

The total price of the Bareiss collection was cut in half. Half of it came as a gift, and the other half was divided between the two trust funds. So there was a lot of money involved in the transaction, and Walter Bareiss is now happy with the trust funds for Molly, his wife, and the children. He took the tax benefit of having given half the estimated value as a gift to the Getty, so that made it possible for him to



establish the trust funds without paying the gift tax. When you deal with business people, of course there is an angle to almost every transaction. I never want to be a businessman. You are never a free agent. You have to consult your lawyers or your accountant before you make a gift or anything like that.

Of all the collectors that I have known and with whom I have worked, Walter Bareiss had perhaps the finest eye for quality, and also he did not spurn fragments. Now that's the other thing. Going back every so briefly to Albert Gallatin, we showed some of his pieces in an exhibition I had in the Metropolitan Museum in 1959, in my first year as curator, "Ancient Art from New York Private Collections," and I included fragments. Mrs. Gallatin came and looked at one fragment and said, "I never allowed Bertie to buy what I call 'basket cases.'" Of course there were no fragments in the Gallatin collection, but I've made up for it mostly with Walter Bareiss, because some of his finest pieces are fragments, and there we are very much on the same wavelength.

I don't really care that much about the loss to the museum, because while I'm immensely loyal to the institution that has paid me for forty-nine years, I am in that kind of limbo of having had, if not a divorce, an annulment. I do not have to work for the museum under my current title, so I enjoy the museum as one enjoys one's own environment, and the museum is my environment. I do not have to propose objects for purchase, I do not interfere with the department, and I keep on the best of terms

with those people who are my friends. I don't think I would want to add more than end on the word "friends."

SMITH: Well, actually I have a few more questions.

VON BOTHMER: Okay. Now we turn it into an interview. I'm glad it's no longer a monologue.

SMITH: You had mentioned that Walter Bareiss had developed the last great collection. But what about Shelby White and Leon Levy? They represent a younger generation.

VON BOTHMER: I'm glad you bring them up, because Leon is a very close friend of mine, and he became a close friend of mine on the strength of a few rather unimportant antiquities. His great friend Harry Bober of New York University Institute of Fine Arts proposed him as a trustee of the Institute of Fine Arts because Bober had found out that Levy, his friend and former fellow student at City College, was very, very rich. The president at that time, or chairman of the board, was [C.] Douglas Dillon, who with his felt-tip pen at the trustee meeting, wrote down, "Great"—underlined twice—"collector of Greek antiquities. Ask Dietrich about him."

Now, an average American would immediately have looked Levy up in the phone book, telephoned him and tried to make an appointment. I did something different. I wrote him a letter. First I congratulated him on having become a trustee

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

of an institution of which I had been an adjunct professor for I don't know how many years it was at that time. Furthermore, I added that I considered it a very good omen that he shared a birthday with my revered teacher Sir John Beazley, both being born on September 13. Then Levy telephoned me. He had found out from Harry Bober who Beazley was and who I was, and then he invited me for a drink and a look at his collection. I took one look at it and I realized there was no point in talking about Greek art, let's talk about a subject that really would interest him. We had the most fascinating talk that lasted until eleven o'clock at night, and he had the cook bring in sandwiches and beer. Can you guess what we talked about? The philosophy of money. On that perfectly neutral ground, where I have at least a bit of historic knowledge, we saw eye to eye, and it was the most extraordinary evening. The objects never got mentioned.

When I next saw Leon he was about to marry Shelby, who was the widow of a former partner of Leon's, a Mr. White, who died in a boating accident. Leon, taking pity on the widow of his former partner, employed her in his office, only to realize that it would be better if he married her; then she wouldn't work in the office. Yes, that makes sense. She was an intellectual who had all the free time. She didn't have to worry about money when she married Leon. She went to all the dealers and started to bring the collection up to a level commensurate with the income of her husband. Then the idea was mentioned that there should be an exhibition and this



museum was extremely willing to do one because their collection spanned so many periods. It wasn't just vases, it wasn't just Greek; there were Roman portraits, there were mosaics, there was Near Eastern art. There was not much Egyptian art, but there certainly was a lot of migration period art and there were Iberian bronzes, so it was a rather encyclopedic collection, which was constantly growing.

Every Tuesday morning I took the bus to Sutton Place and worked on the collection. That work was instructive, because my director [Philippe de Montebello] had told me, "Now Dietrich, don't waste all your time on things that we won't show in the museum." I said, "Philippe, I'll do the opposite. I will note every object in the collection and then I will select, after I have studied every object, what goes into the exhibit." I didn't want to just say, "I'll take two of these and three of those." I have a whole drawer over there on Leon Levy. I have photographed every single piece, and I have worked for close to two years cataloging, or at least noting every object. I became editor of the catalog and I wrote sixty of the entries.

We had a brief misunderstanding with Maxwell Anderson, who had been the young man in a hurry in this museum, and I did not promote him to associate curator, because he had more than once gone way over my head in my absence. He brought in all sorts of wonderful things on loan to this museum, taking up valuable floor space. After so many years as assistant curator there is a rule that you can extend permanent assistant curatorship, or you can promote a person to associate curator, or you let him

go. I opted for the latter, because I realized that the climate in the department had changed. The director, Philippe de Montebello, ever the diplomat, called me up after I had acquainted Max Anderson with the future and he said, "Don't do anything rash, don't finalize anything. See me first." I went down to the director and he simply told me, "Do you think we can afford it? Look at all the rich friends that Max Anderson has." I, not wishing to be overly boastful, simply said to Philippe, "Well, if his rich friends can match what my wife has done by establishing a certain anonymous fund for the Metropolitan Museum, then I will bow to your reflection." And there my director said, "Touché." Max was surprised that Philippe de Montebello did not go over my head in this particular case.

Philippe then recommended Max to various museums, including the Getty. He went out to the Getty, and Joyce, my wife said, "It's ideal. He's a Romanist, and what better place for a Romanist than to live in a Roman villa? It should suit him to a tee." While Max was at the Getty he hobnobbed with all the trustees and then came to the conclusion that his Italian friends would take it amiss if he worked for a museum that had so many objects that obviously came from Italy. At the funeral of Hanfmann, which took place in '86, if I am not mistaken, Max met Marion True and told her, "By the way Marion, I've decided not to accept your offer of a job at the Getty." And Marian said, "But Max, we never offered you a job." He ended up in Atlanta as museum director. But we have remained on very good terms, and that's



what my enemies never understand. I can separate professional differences and personal respect. And what did I do for Atlanta? They bought a fragmentary panathenaic amphora by the Berlin Painter, and I gave a lecture on it on the very day the Berlin wall came down, November 9, 1989. My lecture began, "Now that Berlin has been on the news all day long, on television, I don't have to explain to you why the Berlin Painter is named the Berlin Painter."

It was I who recommended to my director and to Shelby and Leon that Max Anderson should do the Roman entries for the catalog of Leon and Shelby's collection. That surprised both my director and the collectors because they thought that Max and I were enemies. You see, it's odd how people go by little incidents in life, and they say, "Oh, we can't have so-and-so and so-and-so at the same party because they hate each other." There needn't be any hatred. Max has prospered and I have prospered. We just don't happen to work in the same museum anymore, and there is nothing wrong with that. It's not like the Catholic Church that doesn't allow a divorce. When you have pull you can get an annulment, but normally you don't get a divorce, correct? So that is the Levys. I am on very good terms with them, and yet I have had, except for my expertise of which they made free use, very little input in the choices [they made]. There is only one object in the entire collection which Leon bought because I wrote him a personal letter after Shelby had told him that it was not worthy of their standards. Leon has that vase in his office, and he loves it. Then of



course comes Larry [Lawrence] Fleischman—that might be your next question.

SMITH: Yes.

VON BOTHMER: Larry Fleischman was at one time president of the Detroit Institute of Arts. His father was a very prominent rug dealer in Detroit, who lived to be ninety. Poor man, he was killed by a burglar when he was doing his accounts in his shop. When Larry was president of the DIA, he founded the [Archives of American Art] with a great scholar called [Edgar P.] Richardson, who was the director of the museum. Larry, as president, okayed the purchase of some Greek vases at the Hearst sale on April 4, 1963, and he picked up a few things there for himself. He had one or two Egyptian pieces, and my brother Bernard, who ran down every Egyptian piece whenever he heard of them, told me there was a man who lived in the United Nations Plaza who had Greek vases.

I wrote a letter to Fleischman and was received, and how history repeated itself later with Leon Levy. I took one look at his vases and I simply said, "Larry, these are very fine ancient vases, but I think you can do better." He promptly gave the first collection to his daughter Martha, who is now president of the Kennedy Galleries, whereas the vases that Leon Levy had when I first came to his house were quietly fed back into the market. It's interesting that there are parallels in one's life. Larry Fleischman did listen to my advice, but he also was in part motivated by rivaling the Levys. There was one vase that Shelby didn't want to buy, again a vase by the



Berlin Painter, which is now one of the more interesting vases in the Fleischman collection. Larry bought it, and where it goes from here I can't tell, because I have lost most of my illusions that every collector whom I have befriended would feel honor bound to leave his collection to the Metropolitan Museum.

I'm now coming to another prince of collectors, Norbert Schimmel, who was a trained engineer. He had gone to the Technische Hochschule in Berlin, emigrated to America with ten *Reichsmark* in his pocket and a patent in his ^{head} ~~hand~~ for how to engrave on plastic. Every little plastic thing that you have in your mailbox in an apartment house is engraved with a process invented by Norbert Schimmel. During the war, and this was a coincidence that I couldn't have foreseen, Schimmel's company got the contract to make purple hearts from plastic. I must say that at the time I got my purple heart from my wounds received in action in New Guinea, I had no idea that the man who invented the process would one day become not only a collector but a very close friend of mine.

Norbert Schimmel was absolutely perfect in the sense that he made no bones about scholarship. He respected it, but he did not himself wake up in the middle of the night and look up a word in the dictionary, or read a learned article. He and his friend Leon Pomerance had marvelous rapport. They were neighbors, more or less, on Long Island. Norbert always said, "You know, I buy the books, but then I give them to Leon to read." Norbert did not read; he went purely by eye. Until he

became quite old and had Alzheimer's disease, he was totally *compos mentis*. He had that marvelous spark. You know, when you try your lighter and you can't get anything because there is no fluid in it? With Norbert, one touch and there was a flame. I have seen that only three or four times in my life. Those are the real collectors.

Norbert was torn between many loyalties. Harvard had done something for him in making him a member of the committee to excavate Sardis, and he gave a lot of money to Harvard and part of his collection went there. Then he was passionately in favor of bringing classical art to Israel. Leon Levy excavated at Ashkelon, where they found a cemetery of dogs, and the Golden Calf stuck into a wall, which is a bit ironic because we know how the good Lord punished the children of Israel for having danced around the Golden Calf, and poor Moses had to go back to the mountain to get a new set of commandments on that occasion. But here is Leon Levy who finds a Golden Calf stuck into the mud wall of his excavation—one of the richest men in New York, if not the United States. What Leon and Norbert had in common, which is laudable, was an attitude that they were of the chosen people and they had to do their bit to make Israel a viable country. They have both done that in different ways. Leon of course has supported any number of organizations, but Norbert felt that he wanted to help get rid of the mosaic injunction against the graven image, and to [encourage] the acceptance of classical antiquity as a valuable counterpart to what is



found in the archaeology of the Holy Land. A good part of his collection went to the Israel Museum. So we did not get the lion's share, but Norbert very much respected my wishes. But when he died, everything was in the hands of his son, and there was endless legal hassle with the Norbert Schimmel Foundation. Our portion of the collection came to us several years after Schimmel's death as a gift of the Norbert Schimmel Foundation.

So I have covered a lot of people. The only person I've left out, if you still have a minute, is Alastair Bradley Martin, who is wealthier than almost anybody I had known at that time. He came to the office of Ambrose Lansing, curator of Egyptian art, before the Brummer sale in 1949, and consulted him. Ambrose Lansing didn't want to be bothered by a man who came with a frayed velvet collar, and he said, "Go to the Brooklyn Museum." Which Alastair Bradley Martin did, and he became a trustee of the Brooklyn Museum and was treated very well by Jack [John D.] Cooney, who then later hired my brother Bernard. It was Mr. Rorimer again who got wind of this. He was better informed about Alastair Bradley Martin, and he befriended him and encouraged him to buy in the medieval field. I was then brought in and I helped Alastair get a few classical pieces.

Now this is an odd thing. Alastair Bradley Martin had dwarf trees and giant dogs; he would buy either the biggest or the smallest of anything. I know this because I went to his country place with Jim Rorimer on a Sunday, and I saw the big



dogs . . . or hounds I should call them, and the tiny dwarf trees. He bought the Martin egg as we call it, a very fine, thin red-figured hollow egg that was the twin to the one in the Stathatos collection. He bought because it was the smallest. We got one fragment by Sakonides from him that he got from Mr. [Robert] Hecht. We have one Cycladic head which he would only buy if I could prove to him that it was the biggest head. At that time it was the biggest, and then one day some well-meaning friend who wanted to horn in on my territory told Mr. Martin that there was a Cycladic head in the Louvre which was bigger. Mr. Martin called me up in great anger and said I told him that his head was the biggest. And I said, "Yes, it is." He said, "What about the one in the Louvre?" And I said, "You forget, Mr. Martin, but the head in the Louvre has that much neck, and if you add the neck to the head, of course it is bigger. I'm talking about scale." He said, "Oh, I understand."

Then there was that glorious day when I got a telephone call from Mr. Martin's secretary saying that he wanted to have lunch with me at the Stanhope. I arrived at the Stanhope, there was Mr. Martin, and he pulled out one color photograph after another of Dutch flower paintings. He said, "Well, why don't you say something?" And I said to him, "It's not really my field." And he said, "Aren't you the German fellow who works in the paintings department?" I said, "You must mean Claus Virch." He said, "Oh, my secretary made a mistake." That happened after I had known Alastair Bradley Martin for two years and had helped him. Of

course, you know when you are given such an explanation you don't dare order any dessert or have a cup of coffee at the Stanhope. I couldn't wait for that luncheon to end. He'd told his secretary, "Call up that German fellow at the Metropolitan Museum," without specifying which German fellow. She got the switchboard ^{operator, who} respected my seniority, and I had a more pronounced German name than Claus Virch, so she called me. When I heard the secretary of Mr. Martin, well known to me, ask me on the telephone if I could have lunch with Mr. Martin at the Stanhope, of course I accepted. Life is full of misunderstandings, but that was the funniest of all misunderstandings.

I invited Alastair Bradley Martin to exhibit at our famous show of ancient art from New York private collections. I had to raise \$6,000 for the publication of the catalog, which was half the reproduction price, and I thought I could appeal to all the collectors whose objects I had exhibited. I got some nice contributions from various people, and when I wrote Alastair Bradley Martin I got the funniest letter that I ever got. In the letter he said, "Dear Mr. von Bothmer, on principle I only contribute to institutions that have chosen to make me a trustee. I am a trustee of the Brooklyn Museum, I am a trustee of the Boys Club of America, and I am a trustee of the Long Island Lawn Tennis Association. I cannot contribute to your catalog." I loved these testimonies and demonstrations of great loyalty.

I have learned in my long experience here in the museum that once you forget



about museums there is such a living thing as collecting. Collectors shoot up like weeds, as it were. Even a molecular biologist from Harvard may turn into a collector. I'm always full of enthusiasm and optimism when it comes to collecting, because what we need is more collectors! We may not need more museums, but we need more collectors, if only to have ready on hand, not so much a crutch, but the response that you want to appeal to immediately. It's one thing to make collectors trustees of the museum—although sometimes in the end you don't get anything that they had because their heirs may sell—but what one needs working in a museum, when you have your millions of visitors, is to try to cultivate a group of people who by inclination would be interested in what you do, and who, by collecting themselves, indirectly keep the collecting instinct alive.

SMITH: But do the pieces continue to come onto the market that would attract [collectors]?

VON BOTHMER: I have never seen a dearth of objects that would stamp out collecting as if it were the plague or some other communicable disease. I don't think you can get rid of collecting, and I could mention in this connection two collectors who didn't last very long: Nelson Bunker Hunt, and Herbert Hunt, the great Hunt brothers. There I can give you, if only for comic relief, a classic answer. At a dinner at one of their openings, I asked the Hunt brothers, "Will you gentlemen kindly tell me, who of you collected first?" And Herbert said, "I collected first because I



collected baseball cards at a time when Bunker was still collecting bottle caps." Fair enough to end here?

SMITH: Well, wait a minute—

VON BOTHMER: No no, I'm back to you now. Every time you ask a question I go into another monologue, but on the other hand look at all the material.

SMITH: When you talked about Joseph Brummer, you gave us a portrait of the dealers at the end of the classic period. But what happened to dealers in the fifties and sixties?

VON BOTHMER: Dealers in the fifties and sixties, for one thing, did not really relax long enough and sufficiently to develop their own qualities in any given field. Their arrival coincided with quick money and speculation, as opposed to frugal living, no inflation, and a solid background. I've seen more dealers get rich than I have in the early years, yes, but on the other hand their permanency in being rich is being challenged, if not in the courts, at least by their competitors. To give you a very good example, a man like Joseph Brummer could socialize with Jacob Hirsch because they were both sovereign; neither had to say as the other opened the door, "After you, sir." You have a totally different group of people now, who are, maybe for reasons of age, close to each other, but who are infinitely fiercer rivals of one another than you ever had in the old days.

Mr. Kelekian, whom I knew quite well, was on the best of terms with museum



directors, trustees, and his fellow dealers, and if he did not sell an object he didn't lose any sleep over it. He committed suicide because his son turned out to be no good. He jumped from the twelfth floor of the St. Moritz Hotel, having very carefully put his pantoufles properly inside the window before he jumped. It wasn't so much a tragedy, but it was, you might say, an act of self-^{immolation}~~emulation~~, because he had seen that certain qualities could not be transmitted.

In the paintings field you have the Wildensteins, and you have certain traditions. In England you certainly have more than one generation of picture dealers, but in our field, the phenomenon has been that the great dealers could transmit neither their knowledge nor their passion to their children, and if they employ their children it is not always to their advantage.

LYONS: Are there dealers working today that are on a level that you most admire?

VON BOTHMER: Well, now you hear the confession of old age. I think I have been very lucky to have known the giants. I don't want to elevate the dwarfs with elevator heels.

SMITH: But when you were in charge of accessions for the Greek and Roman department—

VON BOTHMER: I had no favorites.

SMITH: —and Mr. Brummer had passed away, you had to deal with Robert Hecht, for example.

VON BOTHMER: It's not a question of what one has to deal with, but it's a question of what appears on the market and who happens to offer what is on the market to a museum. I take no joy in seeing the proliferation of stores on Madison Avenue, where you have, thanks to the high rentals, a built-in cost factor that one didn't have in the old days. Also, I do not take joy in the extraordinary infighting that goes on. When I am told by a dealer, "But you must remember, I paid very dearly for it," my answer always is, "Well, in my day, when I grew up, that was between the dealer and his accountant. Mistakes were not passed on to a would-be client." It's an argument that I don't buy.

Another argument, and this I've had out with many dealers, is this: a Mr. Hirsch would quote the price that he considered proper for the institution or the collector. He would balance his books by buying, say, twenty objects at varying purchase prices, and he would average so much. But he would not automatically double the price that he paid, as some dealers do. He would rather keep his proper prices for categories which became known, which were guidelines to museum curators. Nobody could ever tell me while I was head of the department for thirty years that an object was unique. There is no such thing as a unique object, unless it is so awful that the artist would not dare repeat their labors a second time. There is no such thing. There are different needs for different museums. There are also different needs at different times. Now, Miss Richter was very fortunate in being able to build



up one of the finest collections of archaic Greek sculpture in this country at a period when objects left Greece in quantity. But it doesn't mean you have to then sell or buy something very rare and charge accordingly because this particular bird has become almost extinct.

SMITH: What has been the effect of Turkey and Italy and Greece, and I suppose other countries restricting the export of art?

VON BOTHMER: What has happened is that the countries themselves have begun to take a greater pride in what their own soil produces, but it will be an uphill struggle in certain countries where the farm laborer is so poorly paid that the choice will be between finding something valuable that one can sell to the Mafia, or *tombaroli*, or whatnot, and eventually to the European market, and making a living on poor land in a country that confiscates the land on which antiquities are found.

[Tape V, Side One]

VON BOTHMER: There is such a thing as keeping a level head, and keeping fiscal stability. There is no longer quite the same sense of being a member of the establishment that reputable dealers had a hundred years ago. There just isn't. When you get natives of one country who are using Munich as a turntable; when you have the Arabs buying up most of the hotels in London; when you have a scandal like the most recent scandal in Egypt where a British policeman was in cahoots with the Egyptian Antiquities Service, and Egyptian antiquities that were plundered appeared

on the London market—these things simply didn't exist in the old days. They didn't, I mean it. Of course the best proof of it is that you don't have so many rich peasants driving expensive sports cars in Italy. London dealers are perhaps, if I may make a critical remark, the most ruthless dealers there are. When I think of a certain phony Sir [connected to] the Getty Museum, who has a marble swimming pool in Chelsea . . . who needs a marble swimming pool in Chelsea? In the old days, the Brits went to the Côte d'Azur if they wanted to have a swim, but they didn't spend money on a marble swimming pool. In Switzerland there is at least outwardly still an air of patrician bonhomie, but when people become what in French one calls *déraciné*, they establish themselves somewhere else and live on the proceeds of their trade, and they begin to throw their weight about, and I've seen more than one partnership go bust.

Bruce McNall is a very typical case in point. I remember Bruce McNall when he was just a lucky boy—a little overweight, but very lucky, and he was very modest. He got corrupted by Bunker Hunt, because he was in partnership with Hunt on the silver swindle. McNall had the good sense to get off that runaway trolley before it crashed into the wall, and he got a new wife, a second tennis court, a swimming pool, and a new house out of it. But once he had risen to the heights of seven digit sales, I knew that he would be lost as an honest dealer. There is no way that you can then start doing what one does when one has, let us say, a secondhand bookstore. Short of robbing a library and getting rare editions, you have to rely on an educated public



that has always been looking for a book that is out of print. It's not such a bad analogy, because in each case you are dealing with something that is old, and not demonstrably elegant, pretty, and whatnot. I have seen touting of objects that do not deserve to be touted. I just look at them if they are of iconographic interest to me, but I don't get at all involved in it.

As to the fantastic prices that are being raised and reached at Sotheby's and at Christie's . . . well, the bubble will burst. First of all, titled families in England don't have any antiquities left. They have sold them all. They have gone out of their way to support either a mistress or a villa in a tax haven in the Bahamas. French collecting stopped at the turn of the century, almost a hundred years ago, and there of course you had real collectors; you also had real generosity. When you look at the Cabinet des Médailles, in Paris, you had the Duc de Luynes, who was one of the founders of the Istituto di Corrispondenza, founded in 1828. He collected in a modest way, and on his deathbed bequeathed his collection to the Bibliothèque Nationale. And you have had the Rothschilds who, in an earlier generation, did support the arts with a magnificence befitting their name. May I tell you how Mr. Morgan collected?

SMITH: Sure.

VON BOTHMER: This ties in indirectly with what I have told you about Kelekian. Mr. Kelekian was accepted by Mr. Morgan. Whenever Morgan came to Europe and he stayed in the Meurice Hotel, Mr. Kelekian had a room next to him. Kelekian



would screen all *les petits marchands* who wanted to offer objects to Morgan. Mr. Morgan was satisfied with the services of Mr. Kelekian because that way he saved a lot of time, and there was some sifting being done. He had confidence in the good sense and also the loyalty of Kelekian. Now I'll tell you one more anecdote, because one thing brings to mind another.

Theodor Wiegand was a big shot in German archaeological circles, and he ended up as president of the German Archaeological Institute. At one time he worked for the Berlin Museum, and he had a high position there. When he had just been appointed to an assistant curatorship in the Berlin Museum, he had been married to a very rich wife, and he went to his good friend Jacob Hirsch, who told me this story, and said, "Look, I am now an assistant curator. I want to make a career. Jacob, you must help me." Jacob Hirsch said, "Well, what can I do for you?" Wiegand said, "My father-in-law is willing to make a very fine donation of objects to the Berlin Museum, now that I have been appointed. Of course my name won't appear on it; it will be the name of my father-in-law, but I have to get something really spectacular." Jacob Hirsch said, "Well, there is a certain silver treasury of Paterno, which was found in Sicily. I've offered it to Mr. Morgan and of course I am more or less required to await his reply, but, Theodor, for you I will do anything. I will break one of my rules; I will cable Mr. Morgan saying I must have an answer within a week. I know that he will immediately cable back that he is not interested



anymore. I also know that I am going to lose Mr. Morgan as a customer. But you are my friend and I will do it for you." So that silver treasure of Paterno came to Berlin because Jacob Hirsch did his friend and schoolmate, Theodor Wiegand, a great favor. Hirsch lost J. P. Morgan, but Theodor Wiegand bought the Seated Goddess for a million gold marks. She was called *die Millionen Braut*, the million-dollar bride, for Berlin, during the war, in 1915.

Does that give you the flavor? I can't subscribe to every part of the story as being in the best of taste, but I want you to have the *flavor* of the period—that is what one has to preserve as an archivist. Never mind the statistics, never mind the salaries of curators for the last 150 years; that I leave to the economists. But I like to transmit to both my students and those who care to listen to me, a little bit of how gentlemen behaved. By the same token, and this is something new, dealers per se were not treated as gentlemen. They knew it and they knew their place. They were perfectly happy making a sale to a museum; they did not insist on being on first name terms with curators. I call my dealers by their correct name—it's Mr. [Brian] Aitken to me, it's Mr. [Robin] Symes to me, it is Mr. Hecht to me, and so on down the line. Here I am again very old-fashioned, but the only exception I have made to this is Dr. Herbert Cahn. He is older than I, and since he offered to call me by my first name I call him Herbert. Of course at the same time I don't buy from him, so there's no conflict of interest. I have never gone on a yacht with a dealer, unlike Cornelius



Vermeule in Boston, who went with Tzoumboulakis and Mr. Hecht on a cruise in the Mediterranean. You see, I have a pretty good memory, and you have had some proof of how I can not only give you the touch and the climate and all that, but also a little bit of the concrete facts behind it.

SMITH: Clare, do you have any questions that you want to pursue?

VON BOTHMER: I am an open book, really.

LYONS: Could you talk about some of the Greek collectors?

VON BOTHMER: All right, Greek collectors. The really great Greek collectors of the past are those like Karapanos and others, who happen to get hold of antiquities found in Greece and who then gave their collection to the Greek government. Eleni Stathatou is another one. She didn't have property where she found objects, but she went to all the dealers in Athens and did a marvelous job in collecting first-rate objects. I think she was only stung twice by that old rascal Tzoumboulakis. But that's another story. Then you have had Benaki, Alexandrian Greeks, who had, as most Alexandrian Greeks, a greater spirit of philanthropy and generosity. All the public monuments that are named after benefactors in Athens are named after Alexandrian Greeks. The founder of the National Gallery was an Alexandrian Greek. You see, they had lived under the benign rule of the Mamelukes in Egypt, and they had not been quite so subjugated as the Greeks living in Greece, by the Turks. Now for the modern Greeks that collect. Of course you have Stavros Niarchos, whose



collection of antiquities is opening on the twelfth of April of this year, on loan to the Goulandris Museum, and of course I might tell you in parentheses that Stavros is a cousin of Dolly [Goulandris].

LYONS: Oh.

VON BOTHMER: Yes, they are first cousins. Now I was once on the boat of Stavros Niarchos just when he had started his collection, and I tried to persuade him, in my innocence, to help the Metropolitan Museum by becoming a member, and maybe a patron, because for \$100 a year you could become a patron, and I said as an inducement, "Of course in America this is a tax deduction." Whereupon Stavros Niarchos bellowed across the deck, "Heh! Taxes! What a joke. Who pays taxes?" So I gave up on Stavros Niarchos, but I knew his second wife, who he killed, Eugenie, quite well.

SMITH: He killed her?

VON BOTHMER: Yes of course. You didn't know that? Well, he killed her in that he had such a fight with her that he slammed the door and then she took pills, but he had also beaten her. She was really a battered wife, Eugenie. She was a dear, and she had real taste. But I have been to Niarchos's place in Paris twice. I have seen his collection, and now he has bought the most expensive vase ever. This is the Caeretan hydria that he got at the Hirschman sale for over \$2 million. He has been a very selfish and not totally appreciative collector. Ari[stotle] Onassis, who at one time or



another was his brother-in-law, never collected.

Of the Greeks who collect, of course the crown goes to Dolly Goulandris, whom I met way back in the 1950s when I tried to create here in New York the first circle of Greeks who would consider the Greek and Roman department their home away from home in terms of nostalgia and in terms of reflected glory. I have known them all—the Livanoses, the Koulukundises, and any number of cousins and cousins of cousins, Lykiadopoulos, and Embirikos of course, George Embirikos, and all the Goulandrises—every one of them, except John Goulandris, who was the first to go.

Of all the people I met in this rather close circle, the one who really befriended me most was Nikos Goulandris, whose picture you see there with his fish. I was on their yacht in 1959. Dolly Goulandris had seen the pictures I had taken on a cruise the year before, and she liked the quality of my pictures so much that she persuaded her husband to invite me to go on their boat so I could take good pictures. Nikos was an extremely friendly man. He wasn't at all interested in art, but he was the real financial genius of the Orion Steamship Company. He just asked me one question: "Dietrich, how many rolls of film did you take?" I told him I took twenty-two rolls of film. He said, "How many pictures were there on each roll?" I said, "Between thirty-six and thirty-seven." He asked me how many didn't come out, and I gave him the number. That was in the days before pocket calculators, and he said, "Well, that's brilliant. You have a failure of only 0.07 percent." I had never thought of my picture



taking in terms of how many didn't turn out and how a man with a calculating mind would calculate the percentage.

So I got on that boat. And here comes something absolutely priceless, which I want to have recorded for posterity. Dolly Goulandris's mother came from the Nomikos family. She may have been one cut above the Goulandrises in terms of old blood and old money. Dolly didn't just want to have me on the cruise without having the benefit of some archaeological instruction, so she went to Papademitriou, of the ministry in Athens, and said, "Don't you have a young girl that I can have on the boat who can fill me in on the archaeological interests of the different sites?" He said, "Well, I have Maria here." She was the girl at the reception desk when you went into the ministry, and she had studied archaeology. She then married Angelos Delivorrias. Maria was on the boat on a cruise just before I came to Athens, and this was kept a dark, dark secret from me. At one point I made some remark and Dolly made a slip of the tongue and said, "Well, Mariangoula said it was fourth century . . . ah, I shouldn't have mentioned that!" Then she opened up to me and said, "Look, we didn't want to be utter fools with you around as an archaeologist, so we had this girl [come and tutor us]." I realized who the girl was; in fact I had met her, what one calls politely "socially," in Athens. She was a beautiful girl. I had met her many years before that, on the beach in Glyphada. Then she married Angelos Delivorrias and I never saw her again, but on the opening night of the Goulandris Museum in Athens, I



had no inkling that this would be the girl that had been on the cruise before mine and the girl that I had seen on the beach in Glyphada. Maria rushed up to me and kissed me on both cheeks. "Dietrich!" And there was Angelos: "You know each other?" Maria Delivorrias just gave him a look and said, "I knew him before I knew you."

Of course I tell you that story because nothing happened that would be in the least bit compromising, either for their marriage or my moral code. But then the ice was broken with the Goulandrises, and I said, "Now look Dolly, you don't need any real instruction because I can show you what is significant about an object or a site and what is interesting, and then I'll take pictures." We got along beautifully, and then Dolly asked me, "Quite honestly, is there no way of collecting?" And I said, "Absolutely; that's what museums do all the time." And she said, "How do I go about it?" So I said, "Dolly, the easiest way to get your feet wet is to go with me to Odos Pandrosou, where all the dealers are, and we can begin your collection very modestly. Now, I'll give you one little tip: it's better to buy a well-preserved all black vase than an Attic vase done by an inferior artist that you can't live with."

We made two visits to Odos Pandrosou, and we had a little agreement. Dolly loved playing games; namely, I pretended that I didn't know any Greek, and Dolly pretended to be a tourist guide who was actually helping *me* to get a collection. She would pick up an object and then I would take it from her and she told all these shopkeepers in fluent Greek, "We'll deal with the details later, but I will talk to him



and try to persuade him to buy an object." Then I had a convention with her. If I picked up the object with my left hand, it meant it was either rubbish or a fake, and once I had asked the price, if I then put up the object with the head up it meant "okay," and if I put it with its top down, that meant the price was too high.

For very little money Dolly got the stock of her black vases—some rare shapes that are now exhibited in the Goulandris Museum. The dealers never knew that I was not an ordinary tourist and that Mrs. Goulandris was not a little girl from the ministry or a tour guide. Of course I also pretended not to know about money. She had given me a sheaf of drachmas and I would say to her, "I can't read the Greek writing on it. You pay him." In three or four visits we got quite a lot, and I gave her advice.

Then Dolly discovered—and that is a real merit—that Cycladic objects should stay in Greece, where they are at home. Dolly's husband loved fishing, and their itinerary coincided most beautifully with visits to the local gentry in the different Cycladic islands. I introduced Dolly to the ultra-violet light that you use to discover whether marble has a modern surface or an ancient surface. I took her to the right shop in New York, where she could buy a good ultra-violet light—not these little ones that stamp collectors use, but a really powerful one—and she had it installed on the Vagrant, her boat. When people came in their little rowboats with their satchels full of antiquities, they would be entertained by getting a coffee or something

stronger, and Dolly would say, "May I look at it more closely? I have better light downstairs." She established [a reputation] in no time flat by refusing the fakes and buying the good ones: "She has the eye of the devil. She knows what is right and what is wrong!" So she only got offered quality. And that was the beginning of her collection. She tried not to buy Cycladic from dealers that had been outside the country, but she did buy Greek vases outside the country, and there was no harm in doing that. So much for Greek collectors.

I have friends here in New York. There is Tom [Thomas A.] Spears, who has collected, and there was [John] Theodoracopoulos, who was his boss in Atlantic shipping and trading, but they never rose, unless you count Mr. Bastis, to a level where [collecting] became their consuming passion.

SMITH: Do you have further questions?

LYONS: Well, there are so many interesting—

VON BOTHMER: What I wanted you to get was not just a set of answers to a set of questions, but I wanted to introduce an atmosphere where I would not hesitate dipping into the past, and where you in turn would be encouraged to ask me any other questions. But the delicacy I hope I have maintained throughout.

SMITH: Yes, you have.

VON BOTHMER: And I have not gone into diatribes. I have an eye for human foibles, but I would be the first to mock myself about the things that I do oddly or



differently.

SMITH: Have you bought a fake ever?

VON BOTHMER: For myself? No.

SMITH: For yourself or for the museum. Obviously, you wouldn't have bought it knowingly, but Otto Wittmann, for instance, told me that he feels that any great curator or collector always buys a fake.

VON BOTHMER: I know, and of course he would speak from experience. I will not deny the fact that one learns a lot by buying fakes, but I will modify it to the extent that you can also learn from the mistakes of your predecessors who bought fakes.

SMITH: Yes, this is true.

VON BOTHMER: Now, the Otto Wittmann story is actually a perversion of something [Sydney Carlyle] Cockerell, who was director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, said. There was of course the famous wax bust of Leonardo that [Wilhelm] Bode bought for the Berlin museum, and inside were Italian newspapers of 1850. He is supposed to have said, "No museum director is immune from being tempted by fakes or even buying a fake, and they should remember that at the end of a dark corridor there always is lurking a wax bust by Leonardo." That I find is more poetic than a statement by Otto Wittmann pertaining to all curators. The mistakes occur not so much when the curator doesn't know right from wrong, but when the curator is



secretive and doesn't consult colleagues; when he feels big enough to make the decision himself, and has a conniving director, or one who does not go to the trouble; or, worse than that, he works for a museum that is so rich that it doesn't make any difference.

LYONS: What principles govern the selection of objects that you collect for your own private study collection?

VON BOTHMER: Ah, my own study collection started on a Saturday in the fall of 1953. I was having lunch with Enrico Paribeni in Rome, and he introduced me to the flea market in the Piazzetta Fontanella Borghese. There I bought from the parents of the infamous Giacomo Medici, a shoebox for \$18 that held an assortment of fragments. That was at the beginning of my long study trip which resulted in my Amazon book. At the end of that trip I went to Oxford and I still had all these fragments in the shoebox in my luggage, and I presented them to Beazley. I washed them and we discovered to our surprise that some of the fragments that I had acquired for so little money actually joined fragments from Cervetri that [E. P.] Warren had given to Oxford in 1908. That is really when I caught the bug. Then I began to buy from different people—Cahn, Hecht, you name them, I bought from them. You must know who Giacomo Medici is, don't you?

LYONS: No.

VON BOTHMER: Giacomo Medici is the one who paid more than \$1 million for the



other Caeretan hydria. Giacomo Medici is the man who bought the Sarpedon cup at the Hunt sale. He is very important. I knew him when he was a little boy, when Iris Love bought fragments from him at a bargain rate because she promised him an affidavit and a visa to come to America. Well, a lot of water has gone under that dam.

My real collecting instincts blossomed when I began to teach at New York University Institute of Fine Arts in the fall of 1965, before I was married. Then I realized that the only way to teach was to have at your disposal not objects that had to be laboriously brought to the seminar room or to an office in the museum from the gallery or a storeroom, but things at hand that you could pass around. When Mary [B.] Moore got her degree, and I already had a satchel filled with fragments, and [Richard] Krautheimer, who was one of her examiners, was absolutely flabbergasted. He said to me, "You mean to say, these are yours? You didn't sneak them out of the museum?" I said, "No, they are mine." And then he took a real interest in them.

This has been my practice now, and of course it has become, you might say, like dope. I'm hooked. I'm hooked in the sense that I get more information out of a fragment that I can handle when I'm in the right mood—instead of having to make an appointment with the keeper to look at an object which I then have to look at under the supervision of a guardian. Of course the Getty was for me an ideal place, because I was able to make joins, but now they are all in cellophane bags and [I can] forget



about getting any results there. All the notes that I made for the joins were put on stickers, and an employee who no longer works for the museum didn't pay attention to what I said. When I came back to the Getty, I found my stickers, and underneath, in someone else's handwriting: "I haven't the faintest idea what he meant." Never mind, it will all come out in the wash in the long run.

For the record, everything you see in this office which is an antiquity, in my will goes automatically to the museum. I have never sold a single fragment. I have gone so far as to make a trade with fragments, but I have never sold fragments.

SMITH: In your study collection you have collected other things besides fragments?

VON BOTHMER: [Showing study collection] I went out of my way to buy South Italian. This is South Italian, I bought that at auction, and this is South Italian.

Martine Denoyelle is going to publish it. I would never have thought about buying South Italian, but when I began to share this interest with Martine, I made up my mind to collect South Italian in order to have a seminar with objects that were not yet [published]. Otherwise the students could have looked it up in [Arthur Dale] Trendall. This entire drawer is South Italian. This one has a rare subject, the ransom of Hector's body, with the scales on the left, for which there is only one parallel, in Leningrad. My students love this collection. I have taught now for thirty years and I have been invited to be honored at NYU at a cocktail party for those who have taught for fifteen, twenty, or thirty years. I haven't yet responded to the invitation because



(a) it's at Washington Square, and it takes precious time away for me to go all the way down there from uptown, and (b) I don't know anybody in my generation who has taught, except maybe in the biology department, for thirty years. So I know I wouldn't meet any real colleagues.

I'm not embarrassed that I have a collection, nor should it be held against me. I have no compunction about collecting. I have permission from the trustees to collect, and they are aware of my last will. Moreover, I can tell you that a great numismatist in the British Museum, Ian G. Robinson, made it a condition of his employment when he was offered a job in the British Museum that he should be allowed to continue collecting coins, because, as he explained, sometimes you can only tell the difference between the different mints if you have some of your own that you know by heart. Before I collected, I bought little things at public auctions in New York. Of course I also made mistakes, by which I mean, before I married, I gave a fragment of an Attic red-figure lebes gamikos to Mr. Noble.

SMITH: Oh, you mentioned that before, I think.

VON BOTHMER: That was one particular one, and that was quite a valuable piece, which is now in Tampa. I gave one that I had bought at a sale way back in 1949 or 1950 to my good friend ^{Pierre} [Paul] Amandry. I also gave away a small vase when Rebecca Wood married her husband . . . Robinson. You know, he was head of the school in Athens?



LYONS: Oh, Henry Robinson.

VON BOTHMER: Henry, yes. I've never given away a fragment since, except one—I couldn't resist—which I gave to my daughter. And I gave one to my wife last year, for her birthday; it's properly mounted and is over a fireplace that we don't use. I said to her, "Look, I have so much here, and in the summertime when we have breakfast and lunch and dinner in the summer dining room, I want to have some antiquity up there." Of course Cahn has a very big collection of fragments. There are not many who collect fragments as fragments. Ariel Hermann has a collection of fragments, but I don't know what she does with them. They were at one time, when she was collecting with Brian Aitken, on loan to Princeton, but not only has her partnership with Brian Aitken come apart, but when Robert Guy left Princeton, all the fragments that had been deposited on loan by various dealers disappeared. More questions?

SMITH: No, I've run out of them.

INDEX

- Aitken, Brian, 121, 134
 Alexander, Christine, 37, 39, 40, 59,
 60–61, 77–78, 81–82, 89
 Alfred B. Jordan Fellowship, 24
 Allen, C. K., 16–17
 Amandry, Paul, 134
Amazons in Greek Art, 89, 91, 97–98
 Anderson, Maxwell, 104–106
 Aydelotte, Frank, 22
- Baker, Lois, 83–87
 Baker, Walter, 39, 58, 62, 80–87, 88,
 91, 98
 Bareiss, Walter, 98–101
 Bastis, Christos, 73–76, 77–79, 82, 91
 Batista, Fulgencio, 64, 67
 Bean, Jacob, 85
 Beazley, John Davidson, 12, 13–15,
 19, 21, 22, 23–24, 34, 57, 103,
 130
 Bieber, Margarete, 89
 Bliss, Robert Woods, 53, 54, 57
 Bober, Harry, 102, 103
 Bode, Wilhelm, 129
 Bonhoeffer, Dietrich, 9
 Bothmer, Bernard (brother), 2, 3,
 15–16, 22, 36–37, 42, 62, 107,
 110
 Bothmer, Felix von (godfather), 11
 Bothmer, Marie von (mother), 1, 2–3,
 5, 6, 16
 Bothmer, Willy von, (father), 1, 2–3
 Bowra, Maurice, 12–13, 17
 Branscomb, Bennett Harvie, 30
 Brummer, Ernest, 52–54, 55–57, 58,
 76–77
 Brummer, Imre, 56
- Brummer, Joseph, 47, 50–53, 54–58,
 81, 114
 Bryn Mawr University, 41–42
- Cahn, Herbert, 68, 90, 122, 134
 Carl Schurz Foundation, 21
 Carrington, Carter, 43
 Case, May, 80–81
 Caskey, Lacey D., 19
 Castro, Fidel, 64, 67–68
 Castro, Maria, 69, 72–73
 Chamberlain, Neville, 17–18
 Churchill, Winston, 18, 92
 Clark, Andrew J., 99–100
 Cockerell, Sydney Carlyle, 129–130
 Cook, Brian F., 96
 Cooney, John D., 110
- Delivorrias, Angelos, 125–126
 Delivorrias, Maria, 125–126
 Denoyelle, Martine, 132
 Dillon, C. Douglas, 102
 Doane, William Crosswell, 45
 Dohan, Edith H., 20–21, 22
 Duke University, 29–30
- Embirikos, George, 124
 Erffa, Helmut von, 36
 Evans, Arthur, 17
- Fermi, Enrico, 33–34
 Fioravanti, Alfredo Adolfo, 95
 Fleischman, Lawrence, 107–108
 Fraenkel, Eduard, 12
 Frankfort, Henri, 36
 Frel, Jiří, 99
 Furtwängler, Adolf, 38



- Gallatin, Albert, 44–46, 49–50, 62, 91, 101
 Getty, J. Paul, 99
 Goldman, Hetty, 63
 Goulandris, Dolly, 123, 124, 125, 126–128
 Goulandris, John, 124
 Goulandris, Nikos, 124–125
 Greenwalt, Crawford, 39
 Guy, Robert, 134
- Hanfmann, George, 21–22, 37, 38–39, 42, 97, 105
 Hearst, William Randolph, 45
 Hecht, Robert, 111, 116, 122
 Hermann, Ariel, 134
 Herrera, Joaquín Gumá, 62–65, 66, 67, 68–69, 70, 73
 Herzer, Heinz, 99
 Hill, Dorothy Kent, 60–61
 Hirsch, Jacob, 47–50, 53, 54, 114, 116, 120–121
 Hitler, Adolf, 8–9, 10, 17, 18, 25
 Hofer, Andreas, 72
 Hoppin, Joseph C., 46
 Horn, Rudolf, 31
 Horn, Walter, 31
 Hoving, Thomas, 84, 85, 96, 97
 Hunt, Herbert, 113–114
 Hunt, Nelson Bunker, 113–114, 118
 Hutchins, Robert Maynard, 35
- Institute of Fine Arts (NYU), 102, 131
- Jacobsthal, Paul, 12, 20, 47
 Jastrow, Elizabeth, 29
 Johnson, F. P., 33, 34–36
- Kelekian, Dikran, 47, 115, 120
 Kevorkian, Hagop, 47
- Koutoulakis, Nicolas, 76–77
 Krautheimer, Richard, 131
 Krosigk, Schwerin von, 13
- Lagunillas, Joaquín Gumá Herrera, conde de. *See* Herrera, Joaquín Gumá
 Lansing, Ambrose, 110
 Levy, Leon, 78–79, 102–104, 106–107, 108, 109
 Lezzi-Hafter, Adrienne, 69–70, 72–73
 Liebermann, Max, 33
 Lipman, Charles B., 23, 24
 Loran, Erle, 40–41
 Love, Iris, 131
 Ludendorff, Erich, 1, 11
- Marshall, John, 50
 Martin, Alistair Bradley, 110–113
 Martin Ryerson Fellowship, 33
 McKeon, Richard, 36
 McNall, Bruce, 118–119
 Medici, Giacomo, 131
 Merlin, A. Alfred, 68–69
 Metropolitan Museum of Art, 38–40, 42, 44–45, 50, 57, 58–61, 77–78, 84–88, 91–97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 105, 108, 123
 Michon, Etienne, 52
 Middeldorf, Ulrich, 36
 Mildenberg, Leo, 68
 Mitten, David Gordon, 97
 Mongan, Agnes, 81, 82–83
 Montebello, Philip de, 104–105
 Moore, Mary B., 131
 Morgan, J.P., 119–121
 Morgenroth, Sigmund, 89–90
 Morley, Lucien, 89–91
 Mussolini, Benito, 17



Nazism, 10–12, 13, 16, 25
Niarchos, Stavros, 123–124
Niemöller, Martin, 9–10
Noble, Joseph V., 88–95, 96, 97–98,
133

Olmos, Ricardo, 70, 73
Onassis, Aristotle, 124
Oxford University, 10, 12–15, 16–17,
130

Paribeni, Enrico, 130
Parker, K.T., 14
Pomerance, Leon, 108–109

Redmond, Roland, 95–96
Rhodes, Cecil, 10, 13
Richardson, Edgar P., 107
Richter, G.M.A., 37, 38, 39–40, 42,
46, 48, 49–50, 58–59, 62–63, 81,
86, 95–96, 117

Riezler, Kurt, 33
Robinson, David, 30
Robinson, Henry, 134
Robinson, Ian G., 133
Rockefeller, John D., 60
Rodenwaldt, Gerhart, 22
Rodin, Auguste, 51, 52
Rogers, Robert S., 30
Rorimer, James, 57, 60, 93, 96, 110,
111

Rostovtzeff, Michael I., 38
Rousseau, Henri, 56

Schimmel, Norbert, 108–110
Schliemann, Heinrich, 7, 17
Schumann, Theodor, 93
Seilern, Antoine, 16
Simkhovitch, Vladimir, 37–38, 46
Smith, H.R.W., 22–23, 24, 31–32, 34

Spears, Thomas A., 128
Stathatou, Eleni, 122
Swindler, Mary Hamilton, 20–21,
41–42, 95–96
Symes, Robin, 121

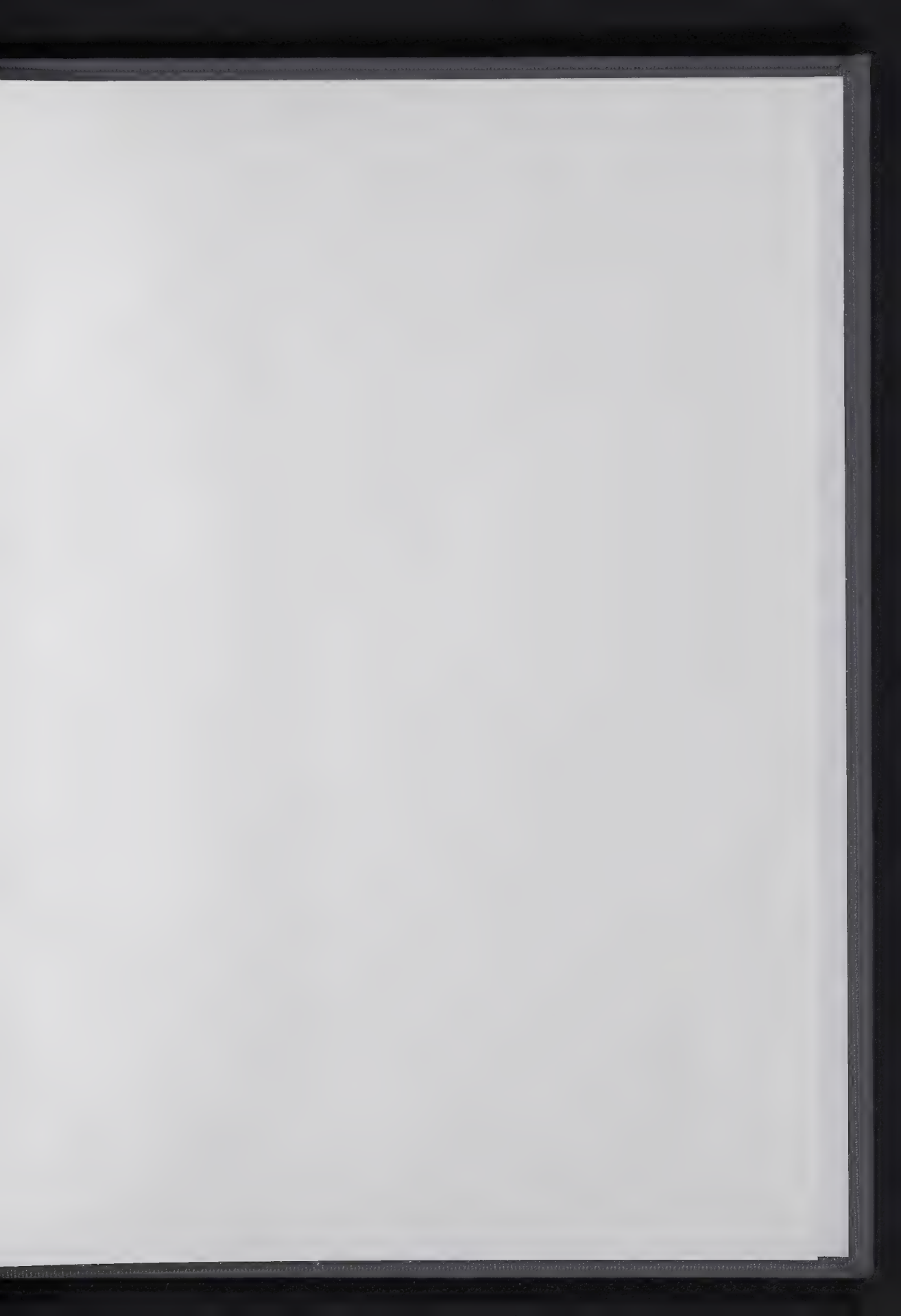
Taylor, Francis Henry, 44, 82, 93
Theodoracopoulos, John, 128
Tod, Marcus Niebuhr, 12
Trendall, Arthur Dale, 132–133
True, Marion, 105–106

University of California (Berkeley),
22–24, 30, 40–41
University of Chicago, 33–36

Vermeule, Cornelius, 122
Virch, Claus, 112
Virzi, Tom, 47–48

Warren, E.P., 130–131
Washburn, Oliver M., 30–31
White, Shelby, 102, 103–104,
106–107, 108
Wiedemann, Fritz, 25–27
Wiegand, Theodor, 120–121
Wind, Edgar, 36
Wittmann, Otto, 129, 130
Wood, Rebecca, 134
World War I, 1, 2, 4, 8, 10, 18, 25,
53–54
World War II, 17–18, 21, 25–29,
32–33











THE MICHIGAN SOCIETY
215 North Fifth Avenue
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104
(313) 763-2000

